

THE American Girl

JANUARY 1949

20 cents a copy



Are you in the know?



How much should she have tipped him?

- ☐ 10%
- ☐ 25%
- ☐ 15 to 20%

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, thanks to inflation, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15 to 20% tip pays off in smiles; good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives . . . your choice of 3 *absorbencies*, designed for different girls, different days. You'll find it pays to try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which absorbency suits *your* needs.



If she tries on your hat, should you—

- ☐ Resent it
- ☐ Lend it
- ☐ Feel flattered

You break away from babushkas . . . wow your cellmates with a whammy chapeau. But, it needn't go to their heads. Why court ol' dabbil dandruff? Like borrowing combs or lipstick, trying each other's hats is scowled on in cactus (sharp, that is) circles. Discourage same, for your own protection. On "those" days, too, let caution guide you. Straight to the counter that sells Kotex. For it's Kotex that has an exclusive *safety center*: your extra protection against accidents.



What clan does her plaid represent?

- ☐ Frazer
- ☐ Macpherson
- ☐ Black Watch

If you give a hoot for the Highland touch in togs—and who doesn't?—bend a wee ear. Have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A genuwyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. No cause to be self-conscious what with Kotex preventing telltale outlines. Those *flat pressed ends* just don't turn traitor. They don't show. (As if you didn't know!).



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- ☐ A Suave Sally
- ☐ A numb number
- ☐ A character from the carnival

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can

stay confident—regardless of the day of the month—with Kotex to keep you comfortable, to give you *softness* that *holds its shape*. You risk no treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to *stay soft* while you wear it.



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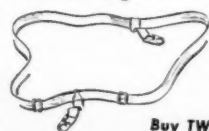


When buying sanitary needs, should you—

- ☐ Wait 'til next time
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt
- ☐ Buy 2 sanitary belts

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower . . . a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a change.

Remember, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable *Kotex Belt* fits smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra comfort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy *two*—for a change!



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Sanitary
Belt

Buy TWO—by name!

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

THE American Girl

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VOLUME XXXII

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JEFF swung around the corner—and now he could see Barbie's house. Just the sight of the green awnings on the porch made his knees feel a trifle shaky. It was silly, he admitted to himself, but nevertheless it *was* his first date. And if things didn't go off right, maybe it would be his last.

He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket—he had two spares just in case—and patted the perspiration from his forehead. Other fellows didn't act like this, he felt sure. Other fellows were confident, knew just what to say, had girls by the dozens practically drooling for them. But not Jeff. Many fellows were athletes, but Jeff had been only a substitute guard on the reserve team, and most of the time he had warmed the bench. Other fellows won big parts in dramatics, but the closest Jeff had ever come to the footlights was once when he had been an electrician's helper.

Or if they hadn't been outstanding in school affairs, at least most other fellows had something to recommend them. Like being a six-footer, or having to shave extra early, or even having a car to tear around in. But not Jeff. Instead of taking Barbie to the dance in style, he would have to rely on the good old City Transit

by **Elizabeth Eicher**

Illustrated by **WILLIAM LUBEROFF**

Suddenly Jeff's hands and feet had acquired huge proportions. Why didn't Barbie hurry?

But Not Jeff



"I thought you wouldn't mind riding the bus," he finished. "Since the dance isn't formal, I mean"

System. Could a girl get interested in a fellow like that? Jeff stumbled up Barbie's front steps, and skinned one of his newly polished shoes.

He tapped lightly on the screen door—a tiny sound like that of a mouse skittering across the floor. From inside the house he could hear the clatter of dishes, the click of heels running across bare floors, and the monotonous whine of The Pest—Barbie's kid brother, Timmie. No response. Jeff swallowed, leaned on the doorbell button, and leaped like a scared cat at the sudden screech.

All sounds from within the house stopped, and in the quiet Jeff felt the perspiration on his forehead again. "Oh, nuts!" he said aloud, disgusted with himself.

"Beg your pardon?" Barbie's father, newspaper in hand, stood just inside the door, looking at him quizzically.

Jeff mumbled and stuttered an apology. "I'm Jeff," he explained finally. "I've come for Barbie."

Barbie's father bowed, opened the door, and motioned him inside. "Come in, Jeffrey," he invited. "I'll tell Barbie you're here."

But that was unnecessary. Timmie, whom Jeff had not seen lurking behind the door, darted out and bawled up the stairway, "Barbie! Your Goon's here!"

"Timmie!" Barbie's mother reproved gently. She motioned toward a chair and smiled at Jeff. "Won't you sit down, Jeffrey? Barbie'll be right down."

Jeff perched on the edge of his chair. His hands and feet suddenly had acquired huge proportions. What did a fellow do with hands, anyway? You probably didn't stick them in your pockets in the presence of your girl-friend's parents. You couldn't sit on them. And they looked awkward just dangling.

Barbie's father filled his pipe from the brass canister on the end table beside his chair.

"Play on the team, Jeffrey?" he asked.

"N-no, sir," Jeff squeaked.

"Westwood's made a pretty good record this year. Your pitcher has what it takes."

"Yes, sir."

Timmie snickered.

Barbie's mother frowned at her son and shook her head. She turned back to Jeff and smiled. "Isn't it nice it's such a pleasant evening for your dance," she said brightly.

**Other fellows seemed to know instinctively
just how to impress girls—but not Jeff!
Here's a first-date story with a new twist**

"Yes, ma'am," he agreed miserably. What was the matter with him, anyway? Why couldn't he manage more than yes or no? They must think him a moron.

Timmie sidled into the center of the room and looked accusingly at Jeff. "You didn't bring Barbie any flowers," he accused. "Guys always bring Celia flowers."

"Timmie!" his mother reproved again. "It isn't a formal dance, Timmie, and anyway, Celia is grown up."

Jeff squirmed. It was bad enough not having the cash for flowers, if flowers were called for; but implying that he and Barbie weren't grown up—Why didn't she hurry!

Barbie's father picked up his paper. "Seen the papers this evening, Jeffrey?"

Jeff opened his mouth, and closed it again. Probably Barbie's

father would want to discuss international affairs, or the President's message to Congress on the state of the Union. "Well, generally I just read the comics, sir," he answered lamely.

And then Barbie came running down the stairs. Jeff sprang to his feet, relieved.

Barbie was beautiful. She came just a little above his shoulder, and her hair was shining satin-smooth. Her plaid dress had a long, full skirt that swung trimly just above her ankles. She took Jeff's hand and squeezed it while she listened to her mother's long list of injunctions. Finally her mother finished, Jeff muttered his good-bys, and somehow managed to open the door for Barbie without falling over his feet.

Then they were out on the sidewalk. It was dusk now, and Jeff was glad. The breeze cooled his cheeks, and the dark hid his flaming face.

Barbie halted, and Jeff heard himself explaining miserably his lack of a car. "I thought you wouldn't mind riding to the dance on the bus," he finished. "Since the dance isn't formal, I mean."

"Of course," Barbie agreed brightly. "It'll be a lark. I—I always go to dances like this on the bus."

Jeff sneaked a look at her out of the corner of his eye. Was that sarcasm? That was the trouble with girls, you never knew





how they were going to take things, or exactly what they meant by what they said.

Barbie was silent. Jeff walked along in silence, too, thinking furiously. Was this the time to be quiet? Only, what could he say? He didn't have a fund of smart talk to draw on. This would hardly be the time to discuss anything connected with school he thought, even though they were on the way to a school dance.

He could feel the perspiration popping out on his forehead again. Other fellows seemed to know instinctively the things to do to impress girls. But again the old refrain—not Jeff. If they were kids he could try the no-hands business on a bicycle—if he had a bicycle. But they weren't, and he didn't. Instead, here he was glumly marching to the bus stop, not even sure whether he ought to take Barbie's arm. What opinion would she have of him? The strong, silent type? Nuts! The all-hands-and-feet, tongue-tied, complete-washout drip—that's what Barbie would think!

SHE smiled shyly at him as they found a seat near the rear of the bus. Jeff moved closer, almost imperceptibly, until he could feel her shoulder firm against his arm. Then he saw the rude couple on the side seat up front openly grinning at them, and he sat stiff and silent, staring at the No-Standing-in-Front-of-the-Red-Line sign above the driver's head. It was

a darn shame. Barbie had smiled at him, and this unspeakably crude couple had practically laughed at them! His face flamed again.

They swung off the bus right in front of the high school. Jeff produced the tickets, and they clattered down the steps to the basement level. The hall was filled with milling couples and groups. Beyond them Jeff could see the gym decorated with the school colors, screens hiding the athletic equipment. In one corner of the room the music committee was stacking records.

"I'll be right back," Barbie promised.

"Okay." Jeff drifted toward the beginnings of a stag line. He couldn't just stand there, waiting for Barbie to return from the powder room. He saw Chet Rivers, and although he didn't especially care for Chet and his brand of humor, he made for him as for a port in a storm.

"Hi," Chet greeted him with enthusiasm. "Lone wolf tonight?"

Jeff shook his head. "My date's in the powder room. She'll be right back."

Chet threw back his head and laughed. "That's what you think, brother! That powder-room stall—she went to get rid of you, and can't say I blame her."

Jeff laughed feebly, a nagging thought worming its way into his consciousness. Sometimes girls did (Continued on page 44)

ELENA FINDS

PART TWO

THOUGH doña Lucita's stay in the hospital was short, it seemed to the family that it dragged out endlessly. Like all valley girls, Elena was used to working, but not to carrying the whole load. The avalanche of chores almost overwhelmed her.

As for doña Lucita, she had never spent so many days away from home. When she finally returned, and was carried down from the car, her great white cast sticking out in front, she gazed hungrily at the flowers along the house walls, and even at the stable roofs. Everything looked wonderful, she said.

By morning she was more like herself. "The pigs squeal as if they were starved," she observed crisply. "But before you feed them, Elena, be so good as to clean out that corner." She pointed with her crutch. "And I hear the loom going full tilt. Are you watching that he keeps his colors straight?"

"Grandmother, I am not twins," Elena protested, banging down a scrub bucket and attacking the condemned corner.

"It is not necessary to splash the fresh calcimine," doña Lucita admonished sharply, and continued, "Your poor great-grandfather! You know he would be cut to the heart if we told him that he had confused his colors. Tonight, after he sleeps, I will waken you and you can see to it."

Don Cirilo's feet still mastered the treadles and his hands the sheds and bobbins, but his eyesight was failing. That night, when Elena stumbled sleepily to the loom room, she groaned at what she found. In the very center of the pattern the blue changed without reason to green. She set down the lamp and raveled out a foot of the weft, shivering in the cool night air, and jumping when the lamplight chased the shadows up the heavy old looms to the log ceiling.

"If only he does not notice!" She yawned convulsively, looked about for a safe place to hide the green wool, and stole back to bed.

Vain hope. "A witch is meddling with my blanket!" don Cirilo told them solemnly at breakfast. "This is not the first time I find in the morning less weaving than I left the night before. I will leave that accursed blanket and begin the homespun for the Anglo from Española. Elena, I must have green and two shades of yellow, besides the black and white."

More work, Elena thought dully. When homespun yarn was used, its preparation fell to the women and children. Even though confined to her chair, doña Lucita could spin with the stick spindle, but Elena must do the dyeing, using oak, rabbit brush, and spinach.

It would not be so bad if her tasks came one at a time, but they didn't. This morning, for instance, she must wash dishes; feed the cow, mare, goats, pigs, chickens; tidy the house; dye yarn. And that was not to be all. As she carefully lifted a great hank of wool up and down in the yellow dye, doña Lucita's crutch hammered for attention.

"Elena! Is this not Saturday?"

The wool splashed back into the dye, sending a boiling yellow spatter over Elena's arms and the floor. Saturday was one of Mirador's irrigating days, and in this drought it was a crime to waste a minute of it. She dashed outdoors, snatching up the heavy ditching hoe as she ran. A few expert slashes in the mud closed the main ditch just below their own intake, and more slashes opened their mud gate and let in the pitifully small stream which came down from the high Truchas Peaks.

As soon as the water reached the chili patch, where it could be left running awhile, Elena returned breathlessly to the kitchen. She knew it! The wool had boiled too long. And if doña Lucita saw the splashes on her cherished plank floor—

She untied her muddy canvas sneakers and sent them flying across the *portal*. Then she got the lye and a bucket of suds and plumped down on her knees. The lye spluttered at her, adding its pinpricks to her already smarting arms, and she spluttered back at it. Her tousled hair stuck to her moist neck, her wet skirt wrapped itself around her legs.

"*Carr-ramba!*" she exclaimed through gritted teeth. How much longer was her life to be like this—while cool, pretty Anglo girls had nothing to do but enchant Natán?

Funny how the thought of Emilio and Natán was always bobbing up like a cork in stormy water. To be sure, it was always near the surface. Perhaps it came uppermost now because someone on the road was whistling a tune that Emilio

THE STORY SO FAR

Orphaned Elena Trujillo lived with her grandmother, doña Lucita, and her great-grandfather, don Cirilo, in Mirador, a New Mexican village settled by the Spaniards in 1528. With the money from the cherry harvest, Elena planned to go to Pueblo and join her brother Emilio and his friend, the handsome Natán, who figured so largely in Elena's dreams. Then doña Lucita broke her leg and, with no one to care for her and perform the myriad tasks of the old-fashioned Spanish homestead but Elena, the girl felt she was trapped in the sleepy old-world town, while letters from Emilio, telling of good times in marvelous Pueblo, and especially a snapshot showing Natán surrounded by beautiful "Anglo" girls, drove her frantic.

by Florence Crannell Means

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER



That job in the city—it could be Elena's. But if she took it, who would run the farm?

TOMORROW

used to sing. Even with arms smarting and back aching, Elena was once again buoyed up by her dreams. She saw herself in a new dress, beautiful and cool and poised, and Natán—

Something tickled her behind one ear, and she grabbed at it. Again it tickled and again she grabbed. A snicker sounded from the doorway. For an instant Elena froze where she was. Then she turned a cautious head.

"Boo!" her brother shouted childishly.

The whistle actually had been Emilio's! Elena whirled round, skidded on the slick boards, and upset the bucket with a drenching splash.

"Look out, Natán!" Emilio called out in flippant English to the young man behind him. "This gal's dangerous!"

"Emilio! Natán! Where did you come from!" Elena shrieked, and then remembering how she must look, she shrank back, wishing she could crawl under the overturned bucket.

By that time doña Lucita had tapped out to the portal and was demanding an explanation of Emilio's bandaged hand and arm, while he wanted to know about her cast and crutches. Elena stood silent, miserably conscious of her bedraggled state. This return about which she dreamed so often should have been wonderful, perfectly wonderful. And now—

Emilio's hand, he was explaining, had been burned by an exploding pipe. "At first the doctors thought the fingers might never be good again, but I go daily to the hospital and all is

(Continued on page 32)

At the sound of his whistle, Elena skidded on the wet floor and upset the bucket with a drenching splash



Recipe for a Career

by Doris H. Zumsteg

ARE you the girl who usually heads the Junior Prom Refreshment Committee, or somehow has most of the responsibility for your club's mother-daughter luncheon? Do you think it's fun to plan family menus? And you're not the least bit flustered (well, not too much) by hordes of hungry friends descending on your party buffet? Then consider the possibility of Home Economics as your life's work—the field of “dietetics” (usually associated with hospital work) or the more commercial, nonmedical “food management” field in particular.

Properly trained, you may find the job of your dreams in the catering service of a big airlines company, in an Army hospital, a school cafeteria, perhaps your own tearoom, or as food editor of a magazine. There are countless jobs in the field, each with a chance to help other people to better health and happiness. And with its variety of interests and challenging problems, each can be fascinating—to the right girl.

But what marks the right girl? Most important, perhaps, is “food sense,” that quality of knowing instinctively what foods combine attractively and appropriately for a given situation. The right girl also must enjoy food *production*—not just puttering with fancy cupcakes. She must have a logically ordered mind that puts first things first, and a calm disposition to help her keep her head when a four-course meal for two hundred guests must be ready to serve on time. She must be able to work with others, and to make others enjoy working with her and carrying out her directions.

The prospective dietitian or food manager also must have a sense of balance, so that she knows the difference between silly emphasis on some trivial detail and the “little touch” that perks up a menu. All this is vital, because her work is the responsibility for food and its service—from menu planning, quantity purchasing, supervision of cooking, right through to the point where she sees that every dish is washed, dried, and back in the cupboard.

In dietetics, it is the hospital field which employs by far the largest number



Photographs above and top left, courtesy College of Home Economics, University of Maryland

Backstage in hundreds of restaurants, you'll find a food manager who supervises the planning, preparation, and serving of all meals

of trained dietitians today. The work may vary from the responsibility for feeding both patients and workers, to working out therapeutic menus and dishes for special-diet patients. It may involve supervision of the formula room, where hundreds of baby bottles are carefully prepared and go out, individually marked, to each tiny recipient; and sometimes there are assignments for teaching dietetics and nutrition to student nurses and medical students. Again, a hospital dietitian may work in the clinics, helping out-patients to a better understanding of the diet the doctor has prescribed. Although it is not usually the case, some large hospitals require a dietitian to “live in,” generally providing pleasant living accommodations and free laundry service for uniforms.

For the graduate food manager, clubs and educational institutions offer many interesting jobs. Here, work may involve supervision of either a one or a three meal-a-day operation, but in general

this sort of work is not as confining as a hospital position. The work year may be only ten months long (with commensurate pay) leaving the summers free for further study, summer-camp or resort jobs, or just plain vacationing. The school cafeteria offers an especially fine opportunity for the girl who wants to make a contribution to community health. She must be the kind of girl who cares whether or not Johnny understands why he should eat a well-selected lunch and not just gulp down a glass of milk, and she must be interested in making her lunchroom an attractive place for all the student patrons.

Today, of course, cafeterias and dining rooms are found in factories, large and small, all over the country. They offer routine food-service jobs, as well as positions for exceptionally tactful and capable young women who act as the link between cafeteria management and personnel department, working to see that everyone on both sides is kept happy. One particularly successful



Through laboratory experiments in the feeding of animals, home-economics students learn much about human nutrition

If you're interested in a food career, a summer job in a camp or nursery-school dining room is excellent background



Forecast

young industrial food manager, Jane B., now finds herself traveling for a large parent organization, which sends her out to organize and inspect kitchens and lunchrooms in various branch locations. Being a girl who likes to organize and to travel, she feels she has just the job the doctor ordered!

Then there are the hundreds of commercial restaurants, and those connected with department stores, hotels, air lines, dining cars, as well as dining rooms of ships and luxury liners. Chances for your becoming the manager of one of these units early in your career are small, but there are many interesting beginning jobs for assistants, stores clerks, special supervisors, unit heads, and the like. It's a fascinating business to see a salad department grow up under your own guidance, for example. Those original little ideas that you've developed seem to please the customers. The customers come back for more salads. Your boss knows your enthusiasm, knows that your business sense has prompted careful checking into the food-cost calculation

of all the salads made in your department. She notices that you get along well with the workers in your charge. And the first thing you know, you're slated for a higher position with more responsibility, interest, and salary.

As for the airlines, they offer intriguing food positions for ambitious young women who are willing to work almost any shift of hours, but who like the glamour of being part of a romantic and busy industry. In this branch of work, special problems of planning and preparation are involved, for most of the food served in the air is cooked in a central kitchen, then packed in huge vacuum containers and delivered, just before take-off time, to the plane's tiny galley.

Although you may earn around \$30 a week (plus some meals and other benefits) in your first job as graduate dietitian in a hospital, here is a field where women in extremely important posts are paid up to \$10,000 a year. However, average salaries in Veterans' Administration Hospitals range from \$2,320 to \$5,180 a year, while in the lunchroom field,



American Airlines

Meals served in the air are the responsibility of experts on the ground! Most food is prepared before delivery to plane

Are you calm and logical? Can you give clear directions to your workers? The successful cafeteria manager answers "yes"



All The Children

managers may receive as high as \$7,000 for the full year. Salaries of inexperienced food-service workers in the competitive restaurant field start at about \$35 a week in many localities, with top salaries upward of \$4,000 a year—depending on the locality, of course, and on the restaurant. As for the industrial cafeteria, the pay range there starts at about \$45 for a forty-hour week.

The experienced food manager may find positions in teaching, editorial and radio work, and food consulting, at salaries prevailing in those professions. However, it must be made clear that practical experience is necessary for entry into these specialized branches of the work. Colleges and vocational schools seldom choose the food-management teacher who has only a schoolroom knowledge of her work. Similarly, a writer or commentator on food problems must have a working knowledge of the subject. And a consultant—one who charges good rates for advising in special operational problems—could scarcely be the woman who has no

(Continued on page 44)

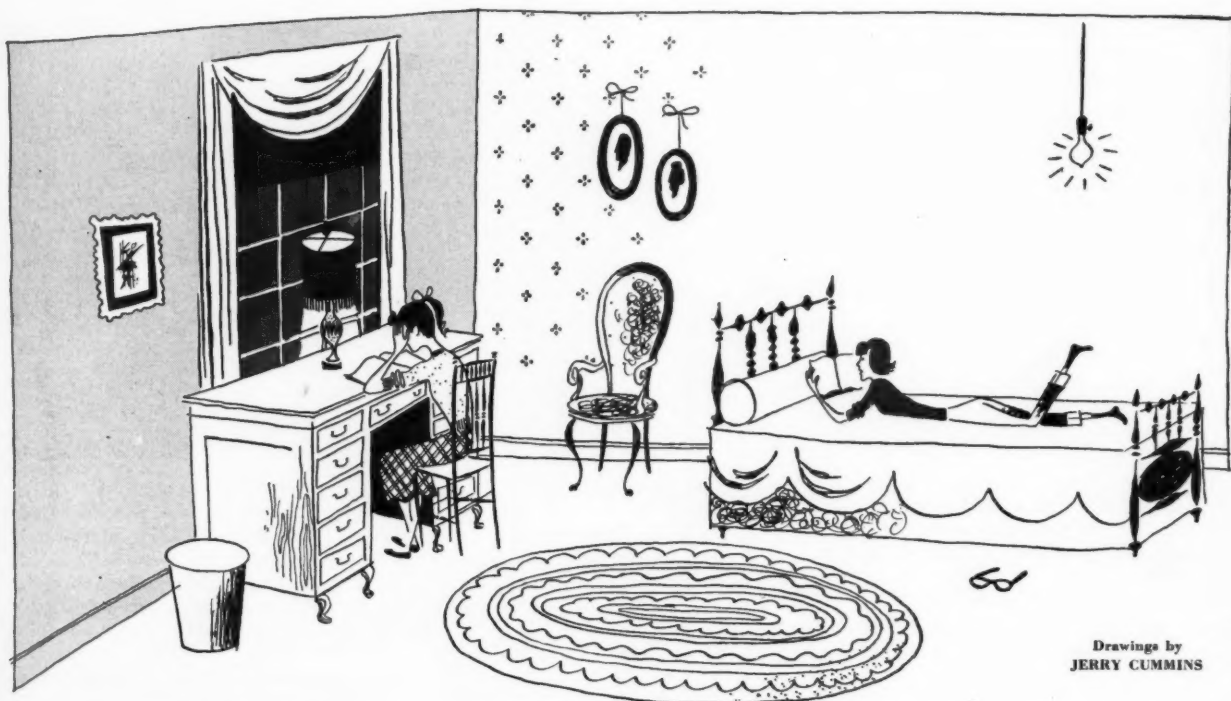
Pretty-Wise?

by Lillian Thalenfeld



HERE'S a test of your beauty know-how (built around the good-grooming articles you've been reading in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*) that's worth cramming for. A score of 100 puts you in first row, first seat. An 80 rates you as definite com-

petition, and you're still somewhere in the running with a 60. But under that? You'd better make a resolution to improve—or you'll be stuck in the back seat in '49. Don't look now, but the answers are on page 49.



Drawings by
JERRY CUMMINS

1. What's wrong with this picture?

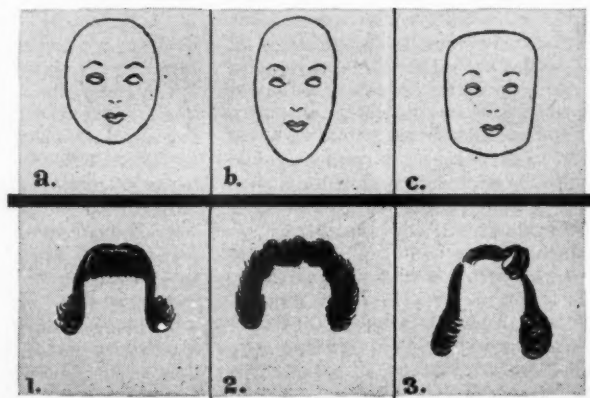
Sue Sadeye and Sally Squint, in the above sketch, have found 10 ways to abuse their sight! Score 2 for each bad practice you discover.

2. Hair stylist. Sketched right are three distinct face shapes: round, long and thin, square. Assuming average figure heights and weights, your job is to pick the proper wig for each face. You get 5 for every correct answer.

3. True or False? Count 2 for each correct answer.

- (a) A slight dusting of powder helps your lipstick "set."
- (b) After a shampoo, set your hair while it's dripping wet.
- (c) A hot dog and coffee is a wise bedtime snack for most people.
- (d) The best way to trim toenails is straight across.
- (e) Dry, chapped hands should be washed frequently in very hot water.

(Continued on page 49)

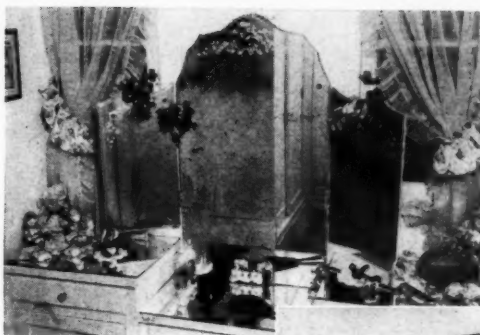




English-born Elizabeth Taylor, sixteen, now playing Amy in a forthcoming movie version of "Little Women," is a dreamy girl—but practical, too. See how she worked out an individual decorating scheme for her own room

Elizabeth's Room

BY LINDA RIPLEY



Left: Adjoining the bedroom is a tiny dressing room with closets on one wall, dressing table on the other. Elizabeth saves her corsages, hanging them on her three-way mirror even after they have become old and dry

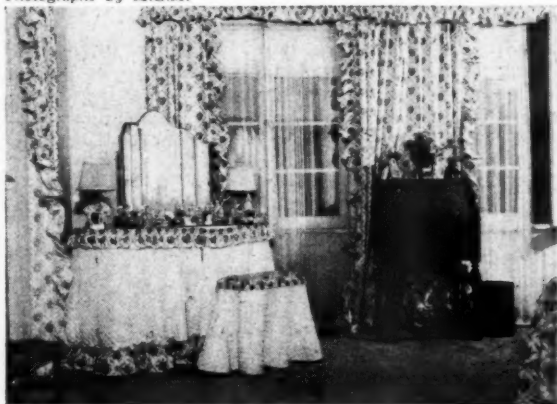
- This is Elizabeth Taylor's room which she recently re-decorated. Actually, it had all of the essentials to begin with, but the furniture seemed gloomy, and Elizabeth was dying to bring in her favorite colors—pink and green. She discussed plans with her mother, who agreed on new curtains, a new bedspread, dressing-table skirt, and slip cover for the headboard of the bed. Then Elizabeth shopped for the fabric herself. She chose a gay sprigged chintz, with pink flowers, green leaves, a white background.

- When it came to the cutting and stitching, Mrs. Taylor called in a seamstress to help. Elizabeth, a former Girl Scout, sews well and makes many of her own clothes, but this was her first attempt at interior decoration.

- The envelope-type slip cover for the headboard is a wonderful idea if you're looking for a way to disguise an old bedstead. You'll probably find it easiest to fit a newspaper pattern first; then cut the fabric, allowing for seams.

- Whatever you do, let the atmosphere of your room express you, the way Elizabeth Taylor's Beverly Hills room is an expression of her interests and personality. It's typically feminine; has plenty of space for oil painting and sculpture, her favorite hobbies; and it is simple enough to allow for occasional roughhousing with her dogs and cats.

Photographs by M.G.M.



The American Girl



Center, above: Like you, Elizabeth collects school pennants, character dolls, souvenirs. But her favorite collection is a group of miniature horses. Riding tops her list of sports; skeet shooting is second

Above: Elizabeth's bed started life several years ago as a fancy-shaped wood number. Today it looks as modern as can be with a slip cover on the headboard to match the merry pink-and-green chintz of the spread

Left: The same sprigged chintz is used at the casement windows, trims a white quilted dressing-table skirt. On the table, another collection—this time perfume bottles. The actress does her homework at the little desk



From the very first note, Ellie knew she was playing badly. Once she sharpened in the wrong place

ONCE she had closed the door behind her, shutting herself into the empty classroom, Ellie became acutely aware of the dull silence that blanketed everything. The desks, devoid of personality, stood in dumb, waiting rows; the blank blackboard stared at her. All the windows had been closed and fastened, and beyond them black branches dotted with sticky red buds made patterns against a sky so blue that it seemed as though the late spring, with its warm, unpredictable ways, had finally come.

She stood by the door for a minute, clutching her notebook, her mittens, and her flute case, then dropped them all on the nearest desk and started purposefully toward her own, as if she really had forgotten something and come back for it. Before she reached her desk she paused to look out the window. There below her was spread out the geography of the world of school, traced like an outline map on the side of the hill: the brown lawn now faintly spotted with green, the athletic field off to the left, the black sweep of driveway, and the gray sidewalk beyond. And down the driveway—no, by now they had reached the sidewalk—went the red coat that was Allie and the blue coat that was Sandra Farmer, walking not up the hill, toward home, but down, toward Henderson's.

"Oh, Allie, what is the matter?" exclaimed Ellie aloud, her unhappiness breaking through the heavy silence.

It seemed to her that Allie must have heard her, must have known that Ellie, her own twin, was standing miserably in the deserted classroom, watching the red coat and the blue coat disappear around the bend in the road. Always before, each twin had known what the other was thinking; each had known when the other was unhappy; and they always had comforted each other, even when they were babies.

As they grew older, the bond between them had grown stronger instead of weakening, and they were always together. The resemblance between them seemed to grow, too, so that by the time they entered high school their mother said even she wasn't sure she always could tell them apart. Now, in their junior year, neither teachers nor classmates knew which was which.

It was right after the Easter vacation that the change in Allie began, and it started quite suddenly one morning when they were getting ready for school. Allie and Ellie had both been given silver barrettes for their birthday, and they wore them to breakfast. Later, on their way to school, Ellie noticed that Allie had changed her barrette for a hair ribbon, without letting her know.



All their lives, the Hillyer twins had dressed, acted, and even thought identically. Now, Allie announced, she was sick and tired of it

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to change your barrette, Al?" she scolded a little. "I could've changed, too."

It was a minute before Allie answered. Then she said, "Don't you ever get tired of all this dressing-alike business?"

"Why, no-o-o; I sort of like it," Ellie answered, puzzled. "I thought you liked it, too."

"I used to like it all right," said Allie, walking a little faster, "but it's kid stuff. I mean—really, grown-up people never dress exactly alike."

"But we're twins," protested Ellie, walking faster to keep up.

"So what?" countered Allie.

LOOKING back on it now, Ellie experienced again the stunned, sickish feeling she'd had, as if somebody had hit her, hard, in the stomach. Her own sister, her own twin, had said it. "So what?" As if being a twin didn't mean anything at all, as if Allie would be glad if she weren't a twin.

"Don't you remember, Allie," she'd wanted to say, "the language we made up that nobody else could understand? Don't you remember the times I didn't practice for my music lesson, and you took both lessons, and Miss Gates didn't even know you weren't me?"

There were so many things she'd wanted to say, so many things there had never been any need to say. To this stranger walking at her side, she couldn't say anything that was in her heart.

Standing in the deserted classroom, Ellie remembered the other things that happened after that. There was the day when Allie remarked at dinner,

"Is there a law about changing your first name?"

"Why, no, dear," her mother answered, sending one of those what-will-they-think-of-next looks to Mr. Hillyer, at the other end of the table. "I don't think so. Why?"

"I mean," Allie explained, "do you have to go to court about it if you want to make it legal?"

"If you wanted to do the job thoroughly, I suppose you could trot around and see that all the records were changed," said Mr. Hillyer. "Matter of fact, in your particular case the birth certificates were marked 'Twin A Hillyer' and 'Twin B Hillyer,' so you wouldn't have to bother with that. But for ordinary purposes, word-of-mouth notification is enough, I'd say." He paused, to let the twinkle show through his lawyer's seriousness. "May I ask whether you are thinking of changing yours, or whether you are merely interested in acquiring the information for future reference?"

Efficiently rounding up the last of her peas with her fork, Allie said, "I want to change mine. To Alyse. A-L-Y-S-E."

"Oh, to Alyse," repeated their father. "Is the name Alice just too, too boring? Or is there some now movie star I haven't heard about yet?"

"Nothing stupid like that," Allie answered sharply. "I'm just sick and tired of being Allie-and-Ellie all the time. I'm going to change my name, and everybody will have to call me Alyse."

"What about you, Ellen? Are you going to change your name to E-L-A-Y-N-E?" asked Mr. Hillyer jokingly.

"Oh, no," mumbled Ellie miserably. "That's right, dear," Mrs. Hillyer approved briskly, "Ellen's a fine name and you stick to it, no matter what Allie—I mean, Alyse—tells you." And she rang the bell for Mabel to clear the table.

The awful part about it had been, of course, that Allie hadn't told her. Ellie had had no idea that her twin had been thinking of changing her name; had no idea, she realized right there at the table, what Allie was thinking about. For the first time in their lives, one of them was keeping things from the other.

"It's all that silly Sandra's fault," Ellie thought bitterly now, still standing by the window, although the red coat and the blue coat had disappeared down the hill ages ago. "That silly Sandra, with her silly name and her silly brother."

She was so startled to hear the bell ringing four o'clock that she jumped, and without even going over to her desk, she collected the mittens, the notebook, and the flute case from where she had dropped them, and slipped quietly out of the room. She really hadn't forgotten anything in her desk, anyway; it had just seemed like too much to bear when she'd rushed over to Allie after math class, with her idea of some last-minute practice before orchestra tryouts, and Allie had said in that new way, "Good heavens, Ellie, practice this afternoon? I'd go stale!" And then, tossing a giggle over her shoulder, "Anyway, Sandra's brother promised to buy me a lemon coke for luck, down at Henderson's. See you later—"

Ellie had been left staring at her own twin's back, in the middle of the fourth-floor corridor.

Now it was four o'clock, with the
(Continued on page 43)



Biscuit mix, a stand-by in most pantries, appears in a variety of main dishes, desserts, and snacks



It's all done with packaged mixes—downy, triple-layer cake, lemon-filled, with coconut frosting!

Magic With Mixes

by Judith Miller

MIXES are magic! How else can you explain a luscious, downy cake in the oven in a matter of minutes? And with only a single bowl and spoon to wash! Hot rolls, waffles, muffins, biscuits, piecrust, gingerbread, popovers, frostings, puddings, cookies, ice cream—all out of a box! You can take your choice, and be certain of delicious results. Certain, that is, if you follow directions exactly, watch temperatures with an eagle eye, and time your baking accurately.

The magic in mixes is no accident. It is the result of careful and painstaking experimentation, often requiring years, on the part of the manufacturers. They know, as you do, that only quality ingredients will produce perfect results. Therefore, if you buy dependable mixes from reputable makers, you can rely on perfect, uniform results every time. Only you must be willing to do your part in following the rules to the letter. These are always printed on the package.

There is no substitute for the "know-how" of putting a batch of muffins together from scratch, nor the satisfaction that comes from making your own flaky, tender pastry. Any girl who prides herself on her cooking skill will certainly take the time and make the effort to

learn the basic rules of baking pastry and hot breads. Still, we live in a streamlined age, so let's take advantage of any short cuts possible.

Mixes save minutes, they save motion, and sometimes they save money. There is no truth in the notion that mixes are extravagantly high. And when it comes to cleanup time, mixes score again. Only a fraction of the utensils needed for the conventional methods have to be used. Shopping trips are simpler too. Instead of buying all the ingredients separately, a single package does the trick.

Because these mixes are made by different companies, and vary somewhat in their composition, we can only urge you to follow directions on each package for satisfactory results. Nearly every mix can be varied in several ways to produce different results. These variations are usually included on the package, too, and it is fun to try some of them.

Some of the oldest and most familiar of the mixes are the pancakes—a quick, delicious treat at breakfast time. But have you ever considered pancakes for dessert? Here's an easy recipe for a pancake dessert which gives an impressive result:

(Continued on page 36)

MORE RECIPES

Send for your fourteenth **AMERICAN GIRL** Recipe File today! Including a glossary of cooking measurement tables, plus useful culinary shortcuts, this illustrated folder is an important number of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own **AMERICAN GIRL** Cookbook. First through thirteenth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now. Send us 6c for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 40.

The binder for the **AMERICAN GIRL** Recipe Files is now ready. For information on how to get it, see page 41.

formula for friendship

by Helen Gregutt

Drawings by HARRY RUNNETTE



YOU know those beautifully logical formulas that, once learned, solve any math problem neatly and exactly? Did you ever wish you had a few equally tried-and-true formulas that you could apply to your everyday problems—like friends, for instance?

There's no doubt about it. Friends are a great common denominator in your life. You may have ideal parents, wonderful sisters and brothers, delightful relatives, and even—lucky girl!—a boy friend or two, tailor-made to your requirements. But still there can be a lonely place in your heart for friends about your own age to share your interests, most of your activities, a lot of your dreams, and some of your problems.

Yet sometimes, much as you long for friends, you find that you can't make them, or keep them, or get along with the ones you have. That's when you wish for a formula—mathematical or magical. But friendship just won't be squeezed into a tidy x-y-z pattern—maybe that's one of the special features about it.

In winning friends, you're most apt to succeed when you stop thinking about what you want for yourself and concentrate on what you can give. When Irene moved to a new section of town, she kept hoping wistfully that someone would smile at her, or speak to her in the heart-warming way that's an invitation to friendship. She felt lonely and left out when she saw groups of her classmates talking together, and walking home arm in arm. Well, the other girls were just as eager to be friendly as Irene was, and just as afraid to take the first step, because Irene looked so aloof and unapproachable!

Nobody can read your mind or guess your thoughts unless you give them the key to the code in the form of the pleasant expression you wear, your smile, the words you speak. You don't have to say much; it's how you say it. When you're the stranger, you can introduce yourself to your neighbor in class or in home room with a simple, "I'm Grace Ivers. I just moved to town and I think I'm going to like it here." Or if you see a new girl, you can show your friendly spirit by volunteering help with, "I'm Ann Tori. Can I show you where the lockers are?"

You may find yourself next to someone you don't know at a party or a club meeting, and instead of staring into space and praying to be rescued, you can ease the awkwardness by starting a conversation. "Jean's parties are always such fun. Have you known her long?" When you start to feel shy or self-conscious, remember that the other girl probably feels the same inside, and you'll become so busy putting her at ease that you'll forget your own qualms. Just a comment, in a way that shows plainly you're easy to know and that you like people, can open the way to friendship.

The next step is giving the most to your friendships, and that isn't as complicated as it sounds. You need and enjoy friends. They need and enjoy you, so give and take should be fairly easy, but you do have to respect the rights of a friend. Sharing belongings, for instance, can be either a sign of comradeship or a sign leading to the parting of the ways. Deborah may be pleased and flattered when you ask if you may

(Continued on page 47)



The eight attractive chalets lie in lovely, rolling countryside



Swiss Village

by ELLEN ALBIN



Two orphans of the French House working on a jigsaw puzzle

Young people of Switzerland helped build this international village for war orphans

CLOSE to the town of Trogen, Switzerland and not far from Lake Constance, eight wooden cottages are clustered on the hillside. This picturesque little community, above which the red-and-white Swiss flag flies protectively, is an orphanage, an international home for one hundred and twelve war orphans. The children, between the ages of four and twelve, are being educated in their own languages and traditions, and when they reach eighteen, having learned a trade or profession, they will return to their homelands, ready to be useful citizens.

This unusual orphanage, called the "Pestalozzi Children's Village," is named after a great Swiss, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (pronounced Pestalotsee) who over a hundred years ago lived a life devoted to education for children. But it was Robert Corti, a young newspaper editor from Zurich, who first had the idea for this present-day orphanage community. He visualized it as a miniature Europe, with one chalet for sixteen children of each nation, and he asked the young people of Switzerland, the members of a youth welfare organization named "Pro Juventute," to sponsor it.

When an appeal for help was sent to the school children of Switzerland, the response was so enthusiastic that within a few months almost every school child was helping raise funds for the building of the orphanage. Many of them went about selling the emblem of the orphanage—a ladybug on a green leaf—and before long thousands of Swiss citizens had pinned the emblem to their lapels, and \$100,000 in Swiss francs had been added to the fund.

With permission from their communities, other young people went into the forests and cut down old pine trees, selling the firewood at auction for the benefit of the orphanage. The town of Trogen voted to donate the site—eleven acres of rich, rolling countryside—and near-by farmers helped build a road and drainage system, while high-school and university students gave part of their holidays to the construction of buildings. As the project developed, so did the interest. Workers in factories volunteered time to make furniture; grocery stores sent staple foods; women's clubs knitted blankets and made quilts. And when the cottages stood ready, almost everyone in Switzerland watched with pride and hope and a feeling of responsibility.

Eventually, the Pestalozzi Village will consist of sixteen cottages and shelter over three hundred and fifty orphans at a time, but so far, eight cottages have been built and are in operation. These are called "houses" and each is shared by sixteen children (eight boys and eight girls) and a house mother and father—all of the same nationality. Thus there is a Polish House, French House, Dutch House, Austrian, and so on—identically designed in the steep-roofed style of the wooden chalets of the Alps. Inside, each house contains a spacious living and play room, dining room, kitchen, and on the second floor, bedrooms which are shared by four children. The decorations are simple, but there are small touches showing national characteristics. In the Polish dining room, for instance, hangs a beautiful rug made by Polish peasants and sent as a gift to the children; in the French House, the girls have dolls in typical French costumes which were contributed by villagers of France.

The children who live at the Pestalozzi Village were chosen by the Red Cross of their respective countries, from among millions of homeless orphans in Europe. They were tested and finally selected according to intelligence, talent, and general promise.

As for the house mothers and fathers, they, too, were care-

fully screened for their devotion to children and their training in psychology and child guidance, since they must serve as wise teachers as well as affectionate foster parents for the orphans in their charge. With the help of the Red Cross, the house mothers and fathers have tried to trace the life history of each orphan—an extremely difficult job, since most of them did not even know their own names or where they were born.

Today the children look and behave like any other children. They are healthy, lively, and gay, and as they sing, study, play, and work together it is hard to believe that a year and a half ago they knew only destruction, death, hunger, and injustice. Many of them lived like vagrants, stealing and begging. One of the little girls was discovered, half starved, hiding in an abandoned factory. An eleven year old boy was a guerrilla



H. P. Klausner

Austrian kindergartners work happily together. At first they were suspicious and defiant

Photo Press



How much will it bring? School children cut and auctioned off wood to raise funds

fighter. One French girl, five year old Suzanne, was born in a concentration camp; while Franek Zbora was found in a pile of dead hostages in a Polish village.

It was a thin, pale, defiant group of children who first arrived at the Pestalozzi Village on Christmas Eve, 1946. During the first few months there the children were constantly hungry and ate enormous amounts of food. Many of them tried to steal it from the kitchens, and with amazement did they finally learn that nothing was hidden from them, that all they needed to do was ask and their needs would be fulfilled. Although extremely suspicious of one another at first, the children have developed fine co-operation in games and chores, and are taught the spirit of sharing. Each is given a small weekly allowance, and it's touching to know that many have saved enough from it to send packages to the less fortunate orphans they have been told about back in their homelands.

The American Girl

The daily routine in the village is simple. In the morning the children dress, make the beds, clean their rooms, then assemble in the dining room for a short prayer with the housefather, while the housemother is preparing a breakfast of cereal, fruit, bread, and milk which is served and cleared away by a few of the older children. Next, there are lessons, and though the children have never had a chance to go to school before, all except the very tiny ones have learned to read and write their own languages quickly. Lunch—perhaps soup, eggs, bread, and milk—is at noon, then a rest, and then outdoors.

In the winter there is skiing on the beautiful slopes around Trogen. In the summer there are bicycle trips and hikes into the mountains, and work in the garden strip which lies behind each cottage. Around the grounds of the whole village are planted trees, and each child is responsible for caring for one of them.

At eight o'clock the day's work and play are over.

Many of the orphans at the Pestalozzi Village have shown unusual talent—several as poets; one in sculpture; another in architecture. Most outstanding of all probably is Tadek Sas, an eleven year old Polish boy who is a brilliant painter, and whose work has been widely reproduced and admired by some of the great art experts of Europe. "There is nothing we can teach him," one of them said after seeing one of his murals.

During the two years of its existence it is plain to see that the Pestalozzi Children's Village has already proved its worth, and it is serving as inspiring model for other communities which want to build an international orphanage like it.

And the young people of Switzerland can well be proud of the hand they had in creating it.

THE END



Pro Juventute

Chosen for their intelligence and promise, several of the children show unusual talent

Wool

Fashions and Fabrics

by Carol Dancis

Drawings by Boris Givotovsky



9440



4968

4968—The perfect partner for any jacket; this slim skirt would look lovely in either a bright multicolored plaid (swatch 3) an iridescent basket-weave tweed (10) or an interesting shepherd check (swatch 9). Note slit at the hem to allow for easy walking. In sizes 24-32 waist: for size 28, this takes $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of a 54-inch material

9440—Well-suited indeed! A wee-waisted jacket with hip flattery; skirt has soft pleated fullness. It can be made as a matching outfit in a diagonal tweed (8) that is co-ordinated with the plaid coating, and in covert (4) or Shetland (1) for dressy wear. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 takes 3 yards 54-inch fabric; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35-inch contrast

1. Herringbone Shetland by J. P. Stevens at about \$3 a yard

2. J. P. Stevens' wonderful 100% wool Donegal tweed, about \$4 a yard

3. Shamokin's virgin wool, in a small, multicolored plaid is about \$4 a yard

4. J. P. Stevens' wonderfully sturdy covert cloth costs about \$5 a yard

9047—Smooth-fitting coat that's tops this season with the teen crowd. Notice the belted back, double-buttoned front, and enormous patch pockets! Think how easy-to-wear and casual it would be in a textured tweed or a soft plaid such as fabric swatches 7—9. Comes in teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes 2½ yards 54-inch fabric



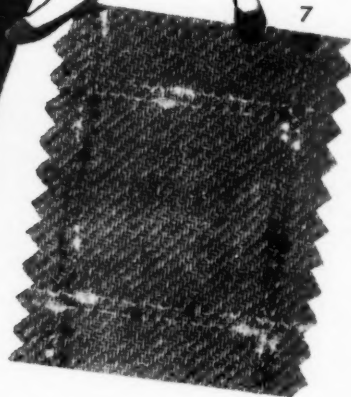
FABRICS by the thousands are available today in stores all over the country. Bolt after bolt of cloth, in an infinite variety of weaves and weights, shades, tones and tints, are draped over the counter. Yet most of them come from three basic fibers: wool, cotton, rayon.

The first of these, wool, is older than the memory of man. In the castles of the Middle Ages the spinning of wool was done mostly by the unmarried women of the leisure classes. These ladies were called "spinsters" a name we still use today for unmarried women. Although wool is considered a quality fiber, the fabric is so wide (54"-58") that yardage costs for home sewing are proportionately low.

This spring the fashion in woollens is more exciting than ever. Interest comes to the surface of the fabric, with wonderful weaves giving new emphasis to a feeling of texture. This will be the tweediest spring in a long time. Patterns are small and sophisticated. Glen plaids look new and fresh when reduced to a minimum. Fabrics like homespun, diagonal weaves, rustic-looking tweeds, and worsteds—small, precisely striped and checked—are among the wide selection of woollens for your choice. Needless to say, classic gabardines, crepes, and coverts, are as smart and as popular as ever.

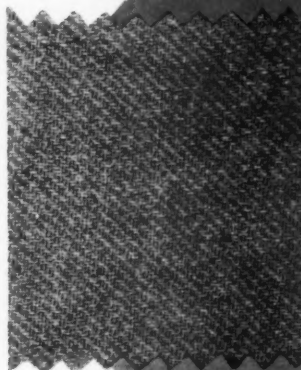
Colors are subtly blended for city or country wear. They have been called cloudy, dusty, muted. Blues range through subtle porcelain tones, gaslight, and slate blues to dark royals and navy—every conceivable kind, dark, bright, or classic. Apricot, copper, and amber look particularly fashion-right in woollens. Neutrals, gray and tan, are well co-ordinated with accessory colors, from delicate mauvy pinks to lavender. Is it any wonder that wool ranks high in the world of fashion!

Each pattern 25c. For ordering information, turn to page 44.



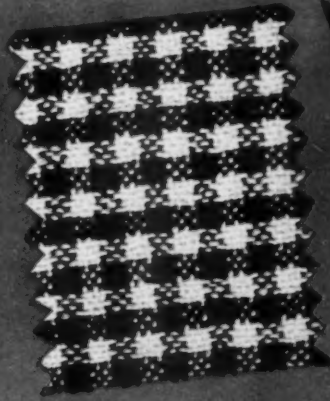
5. American Woolen's 100% wool glen plaid is about \$5 a yard

6. Exciting new "Hob Nob Tweed" by Juilliard, about \$5.25 a yard



7. A pastel over-plaid by American Woolen, costs about \$3 a yard

8. American woolen diagonal tweed suiting matches 7, about \$5 a yard



9. Virgin-wool shaggy check by Shamokin, for about \$5.50 a yard

10. Easy-to-wear iridescent basket weave by Shamokin, about \$4 a yard

Cotton

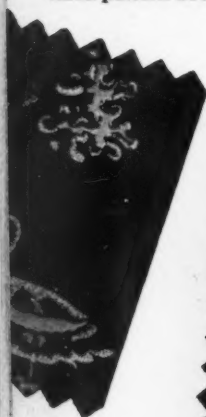
4510—Mix and match them! A whole wardrobe—stole, vest, back-interest skirt, and blouse—each has one main pattern part. Make it of an interesting solid-colored fabric with a raised pattern, or sophisticated, dark background prints, swatches (1-2). Sizes are 11-17. Size 13 vest and skirt, 2 3/8 yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1 3/8 yards

ALL the world wears cotton. As a matter of fact, cotton diapers are just about the first clothing a human being does wear! The art of spinning cotton goes back fifty centuries: specimens of it were found in the ruins of India's City of the Dead, deserted about 3000 B.C. A decade or so ago cotton fabrics were mostly utilitarian, the Cinderellas of textiles, synonymous with work clothes, and never tolerated in the world of fashion.

It is hard to believe this when we see the lovely cottons shown this spring. The fashion story unfolds in yard after yard of new-looking cottons, deftly handled in the spirit of the Empire and Directoire periods. During the Directoire in France, the English and French armies in the Egyptian campaign brought back to their ladies lovely shawls of the Orient. We feel this influence in the Paisleys, batiks, and rich Oriental patterns in many of the most exciting prints. The prints are delicately defined—flowers and checks are tiny; plaids miniature; stripes of pen-point width. The tweed texture bobs up again, and cotton tweed for dresses has become increasingly interesting for spring. Fine cottons have been given a fresh, crisp feeling with special finishes. The result is a rustling cotton-taffeta dyed in beautiful jewel tones.

Cottons come in the soft-blue-to-navy shades, and the coppery tones that are excellent in wool fabrics, and in addition, there are wonderful smoky dark cottons. These emphasize dark blue-green and rich, red plum. Directoire pinks and mauves are plaided with other pastels. Newest of all are iridescent cottons which capture the wonderful play of color against color. Cottons today really have achieved style, color, and beauty.

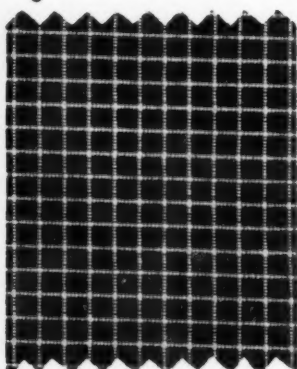
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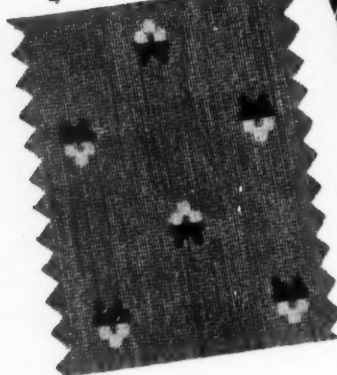
2



3



4



5



1. Everfast's dark background batiks are crease resistant, about \$1.65 a yard

2. Permanent-finish printed Clokey, another Ameritex cotton, about \$1.40 a yd

3. Bates presents tiny, tiny checks in cotton fabrics, for about \$1.20 a yard

4. Ameritex presents Tintype Cottons shown in a dobby print—about \$1 a yard

5. Richly colored with Persian design is Everfast's piqué, about \$1.25 a yard

6. A metal stripe is woven in Galey & Lord's dressy gingham, about \$2.70 a yd



4946—Love at first sight! A frisky shirtwaist dress with unusual collar, large bow, and full sleeves. It lends itself to tiny checks (swatch 3) calico, or other novelty prints (see swatches 4-7-9). Sizes are 10-16. Size 12 uses $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material

4946

10

9

8

7

9314

6

9159—Sew this gay outfit with supersonic speed. Two main pattern parts—add collar, cuffs, tie. Skirt has the new back fullness! Tiny checks, plaids, or rich striped prints are just right for this pattern (fabric swatches 5-8-10). Sizes 11-17. Size 13 skirt trim takes $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric

9314—A pixy frock with unusual charm: ruffles to give hip accent, winged shoulders, and a skirt whirling softly all the time. Suggested for this design is a dressy cotton fabric with a metallic thread to add a lustrous golden glitter (see swatch 6). In teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material

7. This novel print woven in Bates' cotton broadcloth costs about \$2.25 a yard

8. New checked pattern for sport-denims by Erwin for about \$.80 a yard

9. Bright calico prints by Everfast—pretty anywhere, anytime, about \$1.25 a yard

10. A combined check-and-plaid pattern by Galey & Lord is about \$1.40 a yard



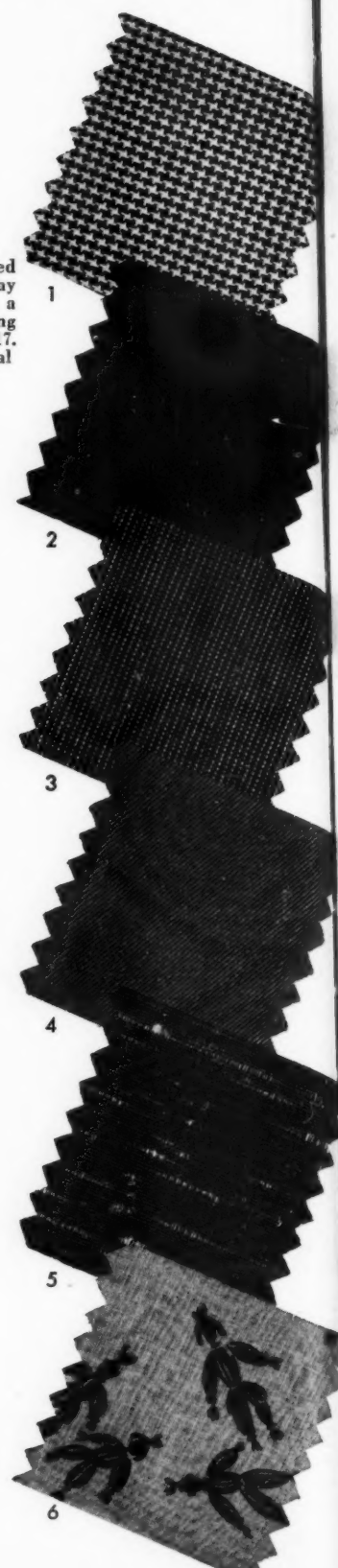
9159

Rayon

9488—Right in step with the fashion trend, a charming little jumper-and-blouse outfit for any occasion. Use a sturdy rayon gabardine (fabric swatch 4) or "Frostpoint" (3) for the jumper, and for your blouse a soft crepe (2). Sizes 11-17. Size 13 needs 3 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, 1½ yards

4788—An unusual casual dress with half-moon pockets over deep, soft pleats, smart collar and cuffs. Make it from a fresh-looking check (see swatch 1) or a gay printed, spun rayon (swatch 6). In teen sizes 12-18. Size 16 uses 3 yards of 54-inch fabric; ¾ yard 39-inch material of contrasting color

4896—For special events—a two-piecer with fitted bodice, pert peplum, back-interest skirt, and gay little bow. The perfect fabric for this dress is a shimmery, rustly, iridescent rayon shantung (as shown in swatch 5). It comes in sizes 11-17. Size 13 will take 4 yards of 39-inch material



RAYON, a man-made fabric, was dreamed of as long ago as 1664 by Robert Hooke. He hoped to make a fiber to replace the silk that came in robes from China. But not until the 19th century did it become a reality. Despite this recent development, rayon has its own fashion importance.

Continuing the season's focus on texture, there are new all-over prints on rayon, nubby-surfaced spuns, narrow woven stripes in corded rayons. Shantungs are iridescent, striped, or checked, and co-ordinated with plains in delightful colors.

As in colors for cotton and wool, underlying pink tones are used in rayon. Reds are light brilliants—almost translucent—wonderful in shantung. Pale Nile green looks new—and again, do not forget navy. All in all, this spring's fashion-fabric story is one of the most exciting ever seen.

Each pattern 25c. For ordering information, turn to page 44.

1. Burlington's tiny rayon check looks springlike, costs about \$2.50 a yard
2. Dressy rayon crepe, "Silduka" is made by Burlington Mills for about \$1.50 a yard
3. "Frostpoint," a rayon fabric by Co-hama resembling worsted, about \$2 a yard

4. For casual or dressy wear, GAB-A-DOUX, a rayon fabric by Wesco, about \$1.30 a yd
5. "City Lights," an iridescent rayon shantung by Fabtex, is about \$1.50 a yard
6. Crown Soap'n'Water "Tipperary," shown here in a rag-doll print, about \$1.60 a yd

• FABRIC FACTS •

WOOL	COTTON	RAYON
<p>What Is It?</p> <p>An animal fiber from the fleece of the sheep—this fiber is covered with tiny scales.</p>	<p>What Is It?</p> <p>A soft white vegetable fiber, that is derived from the seed pod of the cotton plant.</p>	<p>What Is It?</p> <p>Man-made from a cellulose base. Two most important processes of making it are viscose and acetate.</p>
<p>Principal Types:</p> <p>Woolen yarns: spun from short fibers close to the skin of the sheep. Typical fabrics are homespun and Shetland.</p> <p>Worsted: a slicker yarn made of long, parallel fibers and tightly twisted. Typical fabrics are shark-skin and gabardine.</p>	<p>Principal Types:</p> <p>Plain: made from short fibers.</p> <p>Combed: made from long fibers repeatedly drawn through a machine to make narrower, finer threads.</p> <p>Processed: both the above usually have one or more of the following finishes—shrinkage control, anti-crease, colorfast.</p>	<p>Principal Types:</p> <p>Filament rayons: made of yarns that are long and continuous, forming fabrics of smooth, sleek surface like taffetas and failles.</p> <p>Spun rayon: the yarn is produced by cutting filaments into short lengths, and then spun mechanically, like natural fibers, to make crash and linen-type cloth.</p>
<p>Characteristics:</p> <p>Excellent insulating qualities make it the warmest natural fiber.</p> <p>Takes color well and does not fade easily.</p> <p>Highly resilient, it allows wrinkles to "hang out."</p> <p>Most elastic of all fibers, it drapes well.</p> <p>Attacked by moths.</p> <p>It is durable and serviceable.</p>	<p>Characteristics:</p> <p>Sturdy and strong.</p> <p>Good for home sewing, as easy to cut and seldom frays.</p> <p>Versatile. Same gingham can be used for a bathing suit and an evening dress.</p> <p>Crushes easily but may have a permanent, starchless finish.</p> <p>Launders well—withstands high temperatures, and not affected by soap and water.</p>	<p>Characteristics:</p> <p>Fairly inexpensive.</p> <p>Not attacked by moths.</p> <p>Viscose: has a bright luster, is cool to wear. Yet of all rayons, withstands greatest heat. Free from gas-fading.</p> <p>Acetate: Good ability to hold a pressed pleat.</p> <p>Tendency to resist shrinkage and wrinkles.</p>
<p>Care Cues:</p> <p>As perspiration will stain and weaken the fabric, careful protection is imperative.</p> <p>Brush after each wearing.</p> <p>It is best to have clothes carefully dry-cleaned.</p> <p>Use moth preventative at intervals.</p> <p>To mend, use a raveling from the seam of the garment if possible.</p>	<p>Care Cues:</p> <p>Hang garments on suitably shaped hangers. Brush dust and lint from fabric surfaces frequently. Remove spots promptly after they appear. Don't apply perfume or cologne directly on fabric. Remove unwashable trims and heavy shoulder pads before laundering. Make sure your fabric is colorfast before washing.</p>	<p>Care Cues:</p> <p>Unless definitely stated to the contrary, rayons should be dry-cleaned. If laundering is approved, wash with mild soap in cool water, then spread on a towel to remove excess moisture. Do not pull or squeeze. Iron with warm iron on the wrong side. Never dry in the sun or near a radiator.</p>
<p>Special Notes:</p> <p>Be sure to ask the salesgirl if fabric has been sponged. This process, which shrinks the fabric before it is cut, is important if finished garment is expected to keep its shape. Some fabrics are composed of two fibers such as wool and rayon suiting. Know what you're getting.</p>	<p>Special Notes:</p> <p>To make sure an item is colorfast: snip a sample of the fabric from a seam, place it in suds, rinse, and dry between two layers of white cloth. If water is not colored, if color hasn't run on the white cloth, and compared with the original it hasn't faded, the fabric is colorfast.</p>	<p>Special Notes:</p> <p>Never iron over a stain—the heat of the iron will set many spots, making their removal practically impossible.</p> <p>Acetate rayons will dissolve in nail-polish remover—so be careful!</p> <p>A jacket that's lined should be dry cleaned as the two fabrics may react differently when wet.</p>

ALL OVER THE MAP



Girl Scout Troop 2, daughters of military personnel on Okinawa, with war orphans for whom they made soft dolls

• **Ever heard of a garden** in a bottle top? Or an insect cage made out of a cork? If you're a Girl Scout perhaps you've made these things—but if you haven't, why not look into the subject, to help earn your badges in the nature field? The pictures on the opposite page show both as they were made by an enterprising troop of Scouts at a Day Camp in Richmond, California. The miniature gardens, tucked into bottle caps, make nice place favors and tray decorations, and may be made at any time of the year—winter providing such things as seed pods, berries, tiny twigs, and other dried material. As for the insect cages, these—made from large corks—are wonderful containers for insects when they are to be observed for a short time. A chamber is cut out of the center of the cork as shown, a grillwork of common pins is pressed around the front opening, and a small entrance hole is cut from the top of the cork through to the chamber. When an insect is in residence, this doorway may be closed by thumbtacking a few blades of grass over the opening.

• **One hundred and seventy-eight** Girl Scouts from around Glendale, Arizona have made their debut over the air on radio station KRUX of Glendale. Some of the girls, in fact, have appeared more than once, for the total number of appear-

ances is two hundred and seventy-five to date! All of this has been accomplished in a series of fifteen-minute Saturday morning programs featuring Girl Scouts and their activities—the series running for twenty-nine straight weeks, with the cooperation and professional advice of station KRUX. Outstanding



Wing Scout troop 403 of Cincinnati with their sponsor, also owner of the airplane they fly

HEADLINE NEWS IN GIRL SCOUTING

among the programs given was one on World Friendship, put on by Brownie Troop 15 of Glendale and Brownie Troop 45 of the Phoenix Indian School. The Indian girls represented the Hualapai, Pima, Maricopa, Papago, and Hopi tribes of Arizona; while the Glendale girls represented English, Scotch, Dutch, German, Swedish, and Irish lineage. Each girl told something of her tribe, or the nation of her descent, and the Indians sang songs in the Hualapai, Hopi, and Pima languages.

● **Thanks to the generosity** of Mr. Earle C. Sinclair, Wing Scout Troop 403 of Cincinnati, Ohio, is enjoying an unusually good aviation program and making their air-minded dreams come true. Mr. Sinclair's *Ercoupe*, christened *Heavenly Roamer*, has been the basis of their flying operations, and the girls, though not eligible for licenses until they are seventeen, have been rolling up their flying time. Along with the more glamorous flying hours have come many hours of stiff study on the ground. Major James M. Huntsman, Officer in Charge of the Reserve Air Forces at Lunken Airport in Cincinnati, conducted classes in meteorology and navigation, sometimes using Army training films. The girls' training also included the use of Link trainers, time spent in the control tower at the airport, and tests given by an officer of the Civil Aeronautics Association. Results of these tests were very high—some of the Wing Scouts receiving 100% averages. A licensed instructor assists Mr. Sinclair in teaching the Scouts everything they should know about engines. The girls do all their flying in Mr. Sinclair's *Ercoupe*, which bears the lettering, "Upstairs, Downstairs, All Around the Stars," printed under the spreading wings of an American eagle.

● **Congratulations to Girl Scout Troop 3** of Morristown, New York, who have received a Letter of Commendation from Girl Scout National Headquarters for their calmness and efficiency in carrying out orders during the rescue of a pilot and a passenger from a burning airplane which crashed on their campsite! It was a thrilling rescue, well executed, as was reported by several eyewitnesses who happened to be boating just offshore on the St. Lawrence River. The plane crashed during rest hour, just a few yards from the girls' tents, and the noise summoned them out to see what had happened. Almost immediately flames burst from the engine, and while two Scouts rushed to a near-by camp to telephone for a doctor, an ambulance, and the State Police, two others got the men (one unconscious and one dazed) out of the plane and away from its danger. Then it was just a matter of seconds before the plane exploded. First aid was administered to the two men until doctor and ambulance arrived, and long before the local fire department could appear on the scene the girls formed a bucket brigade on their own initiative, carrying pails of water from the river, to be ready in case fire from the plane should spread across the camp, through the dry grass and underbrush. In addition to the commendation awarded the whole troop, Jeanine Girard and Vivian Turnbull, who pulled the men from the plane, have received individual Honorable Mention Awards.

● **Girl Scout Troop 2** of Okinawa, made up of the daughters of military personnel stationed on that island, recently visited the Koza Orphanage for war victims and presented the orphans with soft dolls which they had stuffed and dressed themselves. The presentations were made individually, and were received with courteous bows and murmurings of gratitude by the parentless, homeless children. After the donation of the dolls, the Scouts were entertained by the orphans performing native dances.

The American Girl

● **The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra** is to honor Girl Scouting with an all Girl Scout concert on February 6, 1949. Conductor Thor Johnson, using the Girl Scout Handbook, is basing his musical program on the theme of "A Day At Camp," and a Senior Girl Scout will be featured on the program, reading an appropriate narration. Radio station WLW of Cincinnati is to broadcast at least half of the program. Some of the pastoral music to be scheduled for the program will include: "Morning" by Edward Grieg, "To a Wild Rose" by McDowell, "Barcarole" from the "Tales of Hoffmann" by Offenbach, and "Claire de Lune" by Debussy.

● **Final tabulations** on the Girl Scout Clothing Kits which have been shipped to children overseas through the American Friends Society were not available at the time this issue went to press, but it is estimated that the goal of 100,000 kits to be shipped to Europe by January 1st, 1949 will not have been met. In view of this, it has been decided to extend the deadline date for shipment of the kits to March 12th, 1949—the Girl Scout birthday. So keep them coming—the need for clothing overseas is so great that even our total 100,000 kits will reach only a small portion of the needy children.

Heartening stories about contributions from various Girl Scout troops continue to come in. An outstanding example is Brownie Troop 33 of Winnetka, Illinois, which, with a membership of only twelve girls, has already finished and shipped thirty Clothing Kits, with a total of over 1,100 items.

● **We have reports** of an unusually good weaving program which is being carried out by Girl Scouts of Louisville, Kentucky, with the help of the Kenwood Hill "Little Loomhouse" Group. Lou Tate, director of the Group, has been working with Girl Scouts for some years, doing experimental work toward getting loom charts and instructions on such a basis that a group of girls could work out all the steps on their own, with very little outside help. Troop 73 of Louisville has made especially fine progress with its weaving—some members of the troop having learned all the steps of warping and threading a loom, and guiding other troops of Girl Scouts to start weaving. Troop 73 recently gave a very successful demonstration of their skill and craftsmanship in this art in an all Girl Scout celebration, which was held in Louisville, titled "Girl Scouts on Parade."

THE END



Rollingwood Photo Studio

Richmond, California, Scouts display the miniature gardens they made in bottle caps, and the insect houses made from large corks and pins



New Uses for Old Uniforms

by Harriet Warren

Drawings by JEAN EGAN
Courtesy of The Spool Cotton Company



1.

A SHOE bag for your closet door? An extra jumper for school wear? A gaily embroidered dress to add to your Girl Scout Clothing Kit for a teen-ager over-prise a younger sister? Your castoff Intermediate Girl Scout uniform has the makings! It's fun to make it over, too—alone, with Mother's help, or as troop badge work. Naturally, no Girl Scout is required or urged to discard her present uniform and purchase one of the new Main-bocher-designed outfits. But if it happens that your official green dress must be replaced because it's too short or too tight to see you through another season—and too hopelessly worn or stained in places to pass along to a smaller sister Intermediate—here are six make-over ideas. They were all worked out for you by an expert designer from actual Intermediate uniforms, to start your old one off on a new career of usefulness. But as you study the sketches and general instructions here, you'll see that these suggestions are easily adaptable to any outgrown or outmoded classic dress of sturdy material.

In the case of renovating a Girl Scout uniform, two definite rules must be followed. First, all insignia—including official buttons and embroidered emblems on the collar—must be removed. Second, if the renovated garment is to be worn by anyone in the United States it must be dyed. This rule has been made because the distinctive green covert cloth unmistakably represents the Girl Scout organization, and high uniform standards must be upheld. Since

(Continued on page 29)



5.

For the uniform with outgrown shoulder seams and worn sleeves, a jumper is the answer

Cuffs frayed? Cut sleeves at elbow. Add rickrack, flowers, for a dress to go overseas

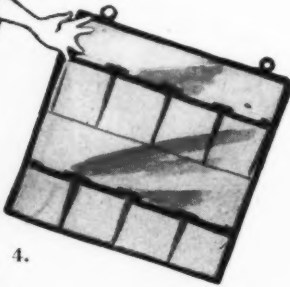


2.



3.

For an eight-pocket shoe bag, hem of uniform must first be ripped open and pressed flat. Back section of bag comes from skirt



4.

Left: Dress with collar, cuffs, and hem band of quilted cotton requires 1 yard new fabric. For wear in U.S., dress must be dyed



6.

Here's a smart battle-jacket blouse, made by adding 2" waistband—cut from castoff uniform's skirt—to top. Remember to remove official Girl Scout buttons and all insignia

From the strong skirt material of an otherwise useless uniform comes a handy laundry bag!

Intermediate uniforms are made of strong, all-cotton fabric, they successfully take a darker shade if the dye manufacturer's instructions are followed carefully. A dark green, navy blue, or smart brown are suggested as attractive variations. Note that garments may be sent overseas in the original green of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., but be sure to remove all official insignia and the official buttons.

Here are general instructions for making the items sketched:

1. This dress, requiring no dyeing, is ideal for overseas bundles. First, if elbows or cuffs are worn, cut sleeves to short length and hem neatly. For trim, hand-sew or machine-



stitch red rickrack along the inner edge of each front seam. With color-fast floss, embroider red daisies and dark-green leaves along outer edge of seams, as in drawing. Repeat rickrack trim and embroidered motifs on corners of collar to replace Girl Scout emblems. Red or silver metal buttons and a plain red or dark-green belt are suggested.

2. Use the skirt of the uniform for this laundry or shopping bag, separating dress at waist seam. Remove pockets and buttons, rip hem and front facing. Press. Cut off straight strip containing buttonholes. Now seam together center front, and make strong French seam across bottom so that you have a square, closed on three sides. Cut off at 22". Open side seams 8" down and finish edges, then hem top, front and back. Plastic or wooden ring handles, cased with a tube of fabric, are suggested, or neatly spliced rope circles.

3. Remember that if this dress, with quilted trim, is to be worn in our country, it must be dyed. You'll need 1/2 yard each of ready-quilted material and matching plain material for facing. Rip hem and press. Cut 2 1/2" wide (finished) straight quilted banding and facing, piecing as necessary to fit hem. Stitch neatly to bottom edge of dress. Make collar and cuffs, as desired, from commercial pattern or paper pattern of your own design. Navy-blue dress and buttons with lighter blue quilted trim is one color suggestion.

4. To make shoe bag, remove uniform's hem, and press material flat. Cut a piece 16" x 18" from back of skirt for back section of shoe bag. From rest of dress, cut 8 pockets, each 6" x 6", with 1/2" pleat on each side, as shown in sketch. Baste pockets to back section, stitch, bind all raw edges with bright bias binding.

5. For jumper, remove sleeves from uniform, cutting in from armhole seam line 1/2" all around. Hem under 1/2", and for finished look make two rows of machine stitching or

(Continued on page 32)



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TEEN SHOP talk

These tools of the trade, each under \$3, will make sewing simpler—and more fun!

by **JONNI BURKE**

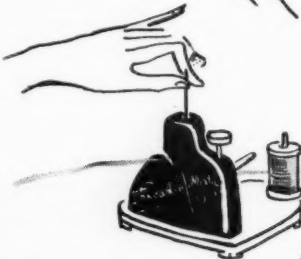
Drawings by **LISL WEIL**



Yes, snappers are useful—and here's a way to make them pretty as well. Complete "Dot Snapper Kit," and pearl-top or penny refills, as shown, cost \$1 each at Gimbel Bros., New York City

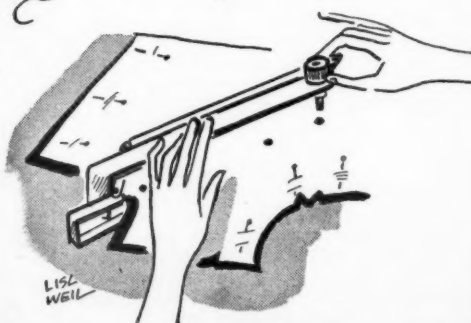


Thread-a-matic is "easy on the eyes." Guaranteed to thread all standard sewing needles automatically, it sells for \$2.95 at Crane's, 419 East 57th Street, New York City 22



Thread-a-Matic

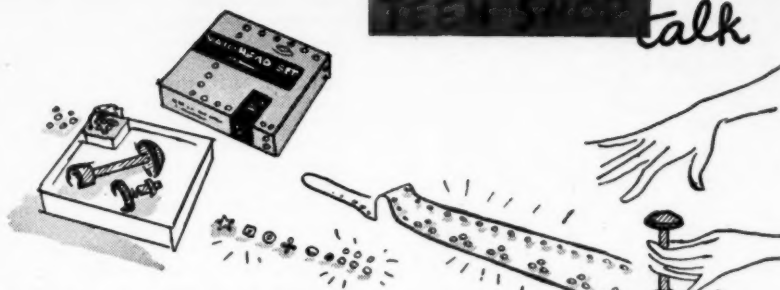
Save hours of work with this clever tailor-tacker. The turn of a knob gives you a chalk mark on both sides of the fabric at once. \$1 at Singer Sewing Centers



Please order items from stores and mention The American Girl

January, 1949

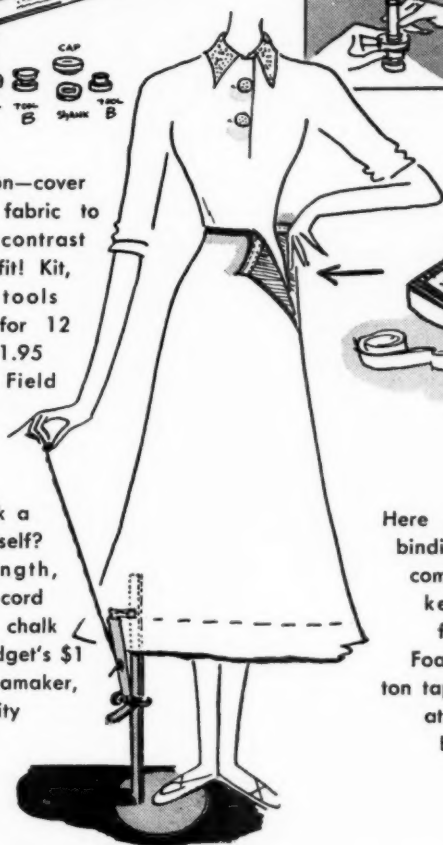
TEEN SHOP talk



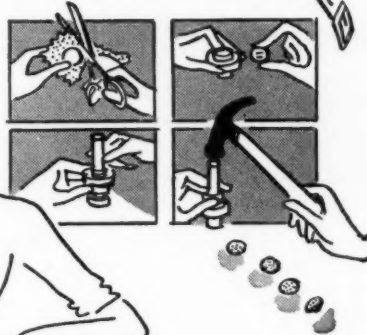
Bright trimmings for bags, belts, bows, and blouses come in this convenient nailhead set. It's \$1.25 complete at Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia



Button, button—cover yours with fabric to match or contrast with an outfit! Kit, including tools and shells for 12 buttons, is \$1.95 at Marshall Field in Chicago



How to mark a hem by yourself? Set the length, then pull a cord for a clear chalk line! The gadget's \$1 at John Wanamaker, New York City



Here at last is a skirt binding to prevent uncomfortable twisting, keep waistbands from stretching. Foam rubber on cotton tape, it's 39c a yard at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, New York

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New Uses For Old Uniforms

(Continued from page 29)

hand saddle-stitching around new armhole. Try on dress, and have someone mark out, with pins, square neckline as desired. Remove dress and cut new neckline, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ " for hem. Repeat stitched trim, as around armholes. Finish with gay, new buttons.

6. If skirt of uniform is beyond salvage, here's a battle-jacket blouse that may be made from the top. First, separate skirt and blouse. From skirt, cut a waistband which is 2" wide, finished, and 3" longer than your waist measurement. Stitch waistband to blouse, adjusting fullness, evenly, and make a buttonhole at waist. Change buttons. To camouflage spots where emblems were removed, you may want to attach a matching button in each corner of collar.

THE END

Elena Finds Tomorrow

(Continued from page 9)

well. So when we had the offer of a ride down, I came to show you, so that you need not be alarmed by a letter. Besides, I was worried about you. And I see I had reason to worry."

During the rapid fire of talk, Natán glanced often at Elena, as if puzzled by her silence. He looked at her as disapprovingly as ever, and why shouldn't he? She swallowed a lump in her throat and bent to pick up the bucket. But his hands closed on it first.

"You have not changed much since I saw you last, Elena," he said as he handed it to her. "Except that you have grown taller."

So she hadn't changed. Except to grow. She supposed it was no wonder that, disheveled and bedraggled, she reminded him only of the grubby little girl who used to

tag him about. But the boys had changed. Though small, like don Cirilo, Emilio had grown neat and natty. And Natán must be six feet tall, tapering from broad shoulders to slim ankles. His tossed-back hair shone blue-black in the sun. Handsome as he looked in the snapshot, he was much finer in reality, and yet he did not seem to be aware of it. No wonder those slim, cool, Anglo girls admired him.

It was doña Lucita who came to Elena's rescue. "Chiquita," she said, "take time to put yourself to rights before you get dinner." Then she turned to the boys, "You have no idea of the work Elena has done. If she, too, had left us alone, doubtless we should have starved."

Elena smiled gratefully at her grandmother. Yet it seemed that nothing could undo the bad beginning. For one thing, there was so little time. The boys had to take their leave after breakfast the next day. They were hitchhiking back and must allow for some delays. Probably hitchhiking to save money, Elena guessed disconsolately, to take the Anglo girls to more movies.

Next morning was washday. Usually Elena liked it, with her tubs in the shade of the great cottonwood, not far from the well where she drew water nor from the kitchen stove where she heated it. She could dream pleasantly as she loitered through the task.

But today she was too busy to loiter, and her thoughts did not make pleasant dreams. She was going over and over the boys' visit, her comic tumble into the scrub bucket, the meals she had given them—perversely, not one so good as her meals usually were—and her tongue-tied silence. The only good thing, she concluded, was what she *hadn't* said. She had bitten back every reference to those Anglo girls, so that Natán could not guess she cared.

Were they both Natán's friends? Emilio couldn't have resisted bragging if one of them had been his, and he hadn't even mentioned them. Elena frowned as she swung a rope of sheet skillfully over her arm. Really, the boys had told very little about anything. Elena still had to piece together Emilio's letters to make a picture

of Pueblo's dressed-up people, who never had to scrub floors or irrigate in the mud; of Pueblo's gleaming lights and noisy gaiety.

Here the stillness was so solid that even the automobiles passing on the highway above her could not break it. Most of them were driven by Anglos, salesmen going from town to town, fishermen, tourists. Elena saw or heard them pass, yet they had no more meaning for her than newspapers printed in Greek. Today she did not notice their vicious crescendo, nor the racket the next-door puppy made in driving them away, nor little Pedro's shrieking after his pet, nor old Chepe's lifting his head to growl at the clamor.

THE scream of brakes and the wild cry of a woman broke through to her mind. Slamming a wet sheet on the fence every which way, she pelted around the house and up the hill to the highway. Kneeling in the dust of the road was her neighbor, doña Catarina, calling vainly to a crumpled heap of blue denim, while an Anglo tourist stood swabbing his white face with his handkerchief, sick eyes on Pedrito.

"Do you speak English?" he appealed to Elena. "Please tell the mother I'll take the child to the nearest doctor."

"There is no doctor," Elena quavered. "Good gosh! Then to the nearest hospital."

Doña Catarina said something rapidly in Spanish. Then her voice broke as she bent over her son.

Elena interpreted hesitantly, "She says, 'No,' not explaining that doña Catarina had added, 'Let him go quickly. Has he not done all the harm he can?'"

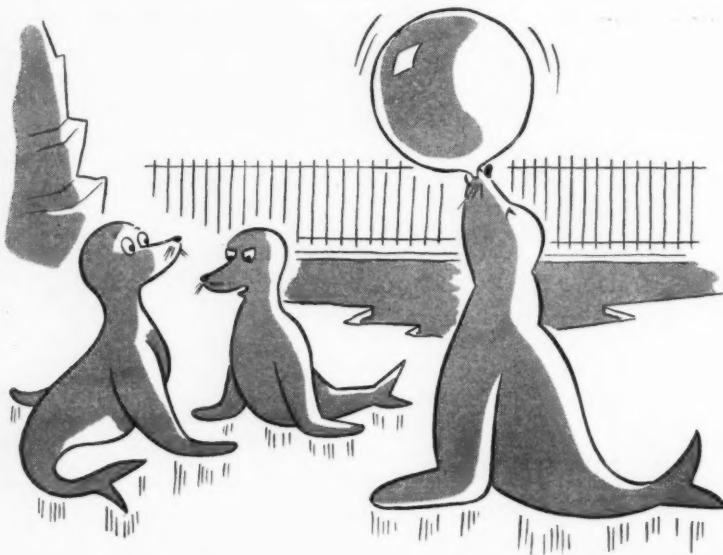
As the Anglo drove slowly away, Elena helped carry the child into the house and lay him on the bed. Strange that one minute he could be naughty, noisy Pedrito, and next minute this pathetic wax doll.

By this time other neighbors were hurrying in, and Elena returned to her work. After her washing was done she went to inquire about him, and found the other children sitting two on a chair in frightened silence, while neighbor women were busy fanning the hurt child, who lay just as Elena had left him.

It was a comfort to go for the mail. In the post office she pressed through the throng to join Isabella Ortega and Connie Martinez. Near them some boys were joking and scuffling, dropping into brief silences when mention of the accident fell across them like a shadow.

The silhouette of doña Benigna, the postmistress, could be seen making another round of the boxes, and then she threw up the shutter and began to read the names from a pile of mail. Mailtime was a social event, and when doña Benigna reached Martinez in her list there was a ripple of subdued laughter. Of Mirador's eight hundred inhabitants, four hundred were Martinez, and many of them had Juan for a first name.

Near the end of the Martinez list came "doña Lucita," and Elena received a faded red ticket that read, "There is a package." She would have to wait for the package until all the letter mail had been given out, and when she did get it, it would be nothing but Emilio's clothes to be laundered. He must have sent them before he found that he could catch a ride to Mirador. Elena did not mind waiting. In that familiar crowd was momentary safety from the dread



"Don't let him fool you—it's bubble gum!"

which lay so heavily upon the hillside. Presently Isabella picked up her usual stack of letters and went out, calling back to Connie and Elena, "Bye, girls! What say we get together sometime?"

Patronizing us, Elena thought. Isabella was halfway through college, and preparing to be a nurse. She spoke easy English, and she was beautiful. The boys all gawped after her, Luz Duarte staring so that Connie dropped her soft eyes mournfully. Elena despised Connie's softness and meekness, and her languishing glances at Luz. She despised Luz, too—he was dull as dishwater. But his brother Juan was worse, and he was always tagging after Elena.

There was one unfamiliar young man in the group and she studied him speculatively. He was older than the others, and wore khaki with a sergeant's chevrons. When his eyes returned from the departing Isabella, they rested smilingly on Elena. The smile was a poultice to her sore vanity.

"Aren't you a Martinez?" he asked in English, pushing Juan carelessly aside and leaning toward Elena.

"Easy guess," mocked Connie.

Elena shook her head. "No, but my grandmother is doña Lucita."

"Why, sure!" the young sergeant said, grinning. "And you've got a brother Emilio. I'm Joe Rivera. From Valle."

Though that was the whole of their conversation, Joe kept looking admiringly at her, as if he were thinking a lot more exciting things about her than merely that she'd grown!

Connie nudged her, giggling. "Lock out!" she whispered. "He has a girl already."

Singly and in groups the crowd trailed out, till only two were left, sitting on a bench in the corner—Elena and a tall, gangling youth, leaning his head against the wall and smiling an endless smile. He was Amarante Garcia, one of Mirador's mental deficient. *Inocentes*, they called them, in the same gentle fashion as the Scotch.

Then a woman entered, carrying a baby in her arms and followed by an older child who clung to her skirts, whimpering. Elena jumped to her feet.

"Oh, Refugio, darling!" she called, running over to chirp and coo at the child.

The baby managed a half smile. Of all Mirador's babies, she was Elena's best beloved, but today she was a strange Refugio, her fruity little mouth parched and the soft round of her cheek wan.

"How is it with you?" doña Maria greeted the girl wearily.

"Is she not very-very hot?" Elena asked anxiously, running a finger under the silky golden-brown curls in the child's neck.

The mother nodded, her face worried. "She is upset, but I think it is her teeth."

When she had gone out with her mail, doña Benigna shook an ominous head. Then, glancing past Elena at Amarante, she reached for a newspaper. "Amarante, will you do me the favor of taking this to your next neighbor?"

Eagerly clutching the paper, the boy plunged away.

"He picks up news as a hen picks corn," doña Benigna explained to Elena. "And I want to ask you, is it true what they say—that the Anglo drove off without stopping to see whether it was a dog or a child he had hit?"

She blinked disappointedly when Elena denied the story, but then she brightened.

(Continued on page 41)



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New 16 Card
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gorgeous cards for
Birthday, Get-Well, Sym-
pathy, Baby
Birth, Anniversary and Con-

gratulations! The designs are so cheery,
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new features to make sales easily. Sell for
only \$1.00—you make up to 50¢ cash
profit on every box! Folks buy on sight!

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Assortment—

Only \$1.00



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occasion the
whole year
'round. The de-
signs are gay and
happy—others
whimsical and
charming. Cards for Birthday, Get-Well,
Friendship—lots more. Just show it—and
almost like magic you'll get easy orders
that pay up to 50¢ profit. A real money
maker for you—and a year 'round seller!

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Please rush me sample 16-Card All Occasion assortment on approval and full details of your complete line and money making plans.

☐ I am a club leader. Please send samples and details of your Special Money Raising Plan. The name of my club is....

Name.....

Address.....

City and Zone..... State.....



Medicine Minded

GLENSIDE, PENNSYLVANIA: I am fourteen years old, and would appreciate it if you could have more dog stories, and also an article on medical careers for girls, aside from that of a nurse. I know I want to be something that has to do with medicine when I get older, but right now I don't know exactly what.

PEGGY J. LAMONT

DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA: I am planning to be a doctor when I'm grown. How about some more articles on medicine? I read the one you had about women doctors over a year ago, and I really enjoyed it.

RITA FLEISHMAN

We Appeal to Mom

SILVER LAKE, INDIANA: Your magazine goes over big with my Mom and brothers. They usually have it read before I do. Mom usually has the stories all read before I even see the cover.

NANCY A. RUSSELL

Puzzle in Poetry

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN:

I read your magazine each month,
I am an ardent fan,
Especially for articles
On "How To Get Your Man."
I'd like to ask a question now,
It's one I have great doubt on:
How do I first find all the boys
To try your ideas out on?

ARDITH HOLSTON

Joy In Vienna

GLENVIEW, ILLINOIS: I have been taking your magazine for a year now, and I think *Callie of Crooked Creek* is the best story I have read by far. Please have more articles like *In the Looking Glass* and *Parents Can Be Fun*.

I never cared much for *All Over the Map* because I'm not a Girl Scout, but *Joy In Vienna* was positively beautiful, especially the last line.

I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade at Our Lady of Perpetual Help school.

LORRAINE KING

Cover Controversy

EFFINGHAM, KANSAS: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a year and think it is super. All is swell except for one thing. The covers. They are terrible, the November issue especially. Let's have some more stories like *Window on the Sea*. All the articles are wonderful and just right for teenagers.

REGINA HOPPEL

KENSINGTON, MARYLAND: I enjoy your covers very much. The cover on your November issue is very good. Most of your fashions are very good also, but aren't some of them a little old for the girls who wear them?

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 363. Your magazine has helped me a lot. I am very much interested in early American history. Let's have a few stories on that. Speaking of stories, *Callie of Crooked Creek* was very good. I liked it because I am interested in books. Also *Kay Finds the Wrong Clue* was wonderful, and *Speaking of Movies* is super. It has helped me a lot in choosing my movies.

SARAH OWEN

ST. JOHNSVILLE, NEW YORK: I think your patterns are wonderful, I have already bought one. Your stories are also good, but I agree with Joyce Plopper on the covers. I think also that you should change your covers once in a while.

FRANCES TRIUMPHO

One Complaint

CARTHAGE, NORTH CAROLINA: I have lived in the Canal Zone for eight years, but I am now living in North Carolina. All my friends in Panama and in the United States like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much, and so do I. I have only one complaint: I think that you ought to have more stories like *Date at Eight*.

SYLVIA DAVIS

Chubby Fashions

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Your magazine is simply wonderful. I liked *Parents Can Be Fun* and I also liked *In the Looking Glass*. I tried the treatment. But I wish you would have more fashions, and a couple for the chubbies.

You haven't had an article on exercise for a long time, so why don't you put some in?

ANITA CANGAR

Beyond Our Borders

BISSETT, MANITOBA: I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. I am secretary in our C.G.I.T. group (Canadian Girls in Training). I enjoy C.G.I.T. very much and am going to camp next summer.

Bissett is a small gold-mining town with a small population. I am the only one who receives *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and my friends borrow mine and we all think it is tops. I was especially interested in *Hands Across the Borders*, for our group takes interest in such causes.

Your magazine is wonderful and the fashions are breath-taking. HELEN PALEY

DEN HAAG, HOLLAND: Some days ago I received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* of September from my pen pal in Ohio.

I'm a Dutch girl of eighteen years old. Every month I get your magazine and I can tell you that I like them very much. I always read *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. That's a good idea of you, for it is pretty to know how the girls think about your magazine, and therefore I thought that you'll like it when you hear my opinion. Now I can say that I never read such a fine magazine. Especially I am fond of the stories and jokes, and the fashions are wonderful.

You have a page named *In Step with the Times*, and it is very pretty that you told something about our Queen Wilhelmina.

I hope you can forgive me my mistakes, for it is very difficult to write a correct letter in English.

JEANNE V.D. HOEVEN

HEADINGLEY, MANITOBA: *Invitation to the Dance* was just what I have been waiting for. I hope you will put more about dancing the samba, tango, schottische, and polka. They will help me a lot. Thanks again for a wonderful magazine.

PATSY DES LAURIERS

A Beauty Spree

PRINCETON, WEST VIRGINIA: Early this evening I didn't have anything to do. I was keeping my little brother, but I had already put him to bed. Several nights ago I had read *In the Looking Glass*, so I decided to take a "beauty spree"! When I got through I felt wonderful.

I still didn't have anything to do, so I decided to work on the steps in *Invitation to the Dance*. I think I have learned them all now, and it was fun.

Last Friday, after the football game, I went to the dance. I was dancing with my ex-boy-friend, and at almost the end of the waltz I stepped on his toe. Oh, my! Well, maybe next time that won't happen. I hope not, anyway.

JENNY LOU CARPER

Interest In France

WAYNE, MICHIGAN: I am a freshman this year in Wayne High. I am fourteen years old.

I am taking French this year and would enjoy an article about France very much, especially about the people, customs, holidays, and, of course, the language.

SHIRLEY ANGOVE

More Recipes

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: I would like to suggest that you print more and more recipes. I have

January, 1949

tried almost every recipe you have printed since I subscribed.

KAY HANNA

Record Collector

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I enjoy *Turntable Tips* very much. They give me a selection of records, and I have made a scrapbook of the lives of recorders.

Thanks for such a wonderful magazine. I selected my school coat from the October issue. Your fashions and patterns are adorable. *Kay Finds the Wrong Clue, In the Looking Glass*, and *Invitation to the Dance* were also super.

SHIRLEY DEANNA WOLF

About November

WELLSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA: I am fourteen years old and a freshman in high school. I like all kinds of outdoor sports, and I am very interested in camping.

I just received the November issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I think it's wonderful. I found *Invitation to the Dance* very useful and I was much interested in *Hands Across the Borders*.

I enjoy all of your sports articles; they are a wonderful help.

GRETCHEN LOBMILLER

RICHMOND HILL, NEW YORK: I have just received my November issue of your magazine. I enjoyed the stories in it, but I don't like the cover. I think your September, 1948 edition has the best cover of all the copies I have received so far. The photograph of Betty Braley on the November issue is very poor, and does not resemble her picture on the September number.

My favorite continued story is *Window on the Sea*. I have just finished the conclusion, and it was super. Please, would you try to get more stories about girls twelve years of age? I am twelve and I enjoy reading about girls of my own age. I am in the eighth grade in public school 121, Queens. *Design for Learning* was very good; please have more articles on school life. The jokes are swell, I like *Life With Lil*.

ANN McNULTY

VELVA, NORTH DAKOTA: I am thirteen years old. I have been a Girl Scout for four years and have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as long, and enjoy every minute of it. Your magazine also helps me in my Scout work.

I belong to a club where we have a lot of parties and dancing. I have been having a good deal of trouble with my dancing, but your article *Invitation to the Dance* helped that right away. I also think *Window on the Sea* was very good.

ARLENE MIKKELSON

ORONO, MAINE: I agree very much with Shirley Kupper in the November issue about having more articles about typing. I also am in the eighth grade and plan to take typing in high school.

One of the most enjoyable stories I have ever read was *Window on the Sea*. I can hardly wait for my December issue to come so I can read the new serial, *Elena Finds Tomorrow*. It sounds very interesting.

SANDRA NOYES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: *Meet the Author* was simply wonderful. I couldn't put the book down until I finished reading it. *A Song is Born* was very good, too.

(Continued on page 36)

The American Girl

TRUE OR FALSE?



No two girls are exactly alike on "those days" of the month!

TRUE. So, if you compare notes on "those days" with a classmate and find that her schedule, her number of days, the way she feels are a bit different from yours, *don't fret!*

And *do* be informed on this important, interesting subject. You'll find

"all the answers" in the new Modess Booklet, "Growing Up and Liking It."

You'll like its gay illustrations, its wise and friendly talk, and its tips on young beauty, poise, and health.

Modess will send you a FREE copy —if you mail the coupon below!

TRUE OR FALSE?

**All younger girls prefer
smaller-size napkins!**

FALSE. Because, as you've just read, girls do vary. That's why soft, comfortable Modess now comes in 3 sizes.

Modess Regular (blue box) is ideal for the average needs of most girls.

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narrower, for girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective.

Modess Super (orchid box) gives extra protection when greater absorbency is needed.

Every Modess napkin has a *proved safety shield* to guard against accidents. Do try luxury-soft Modess, soon.

Send now for your FREE copy!

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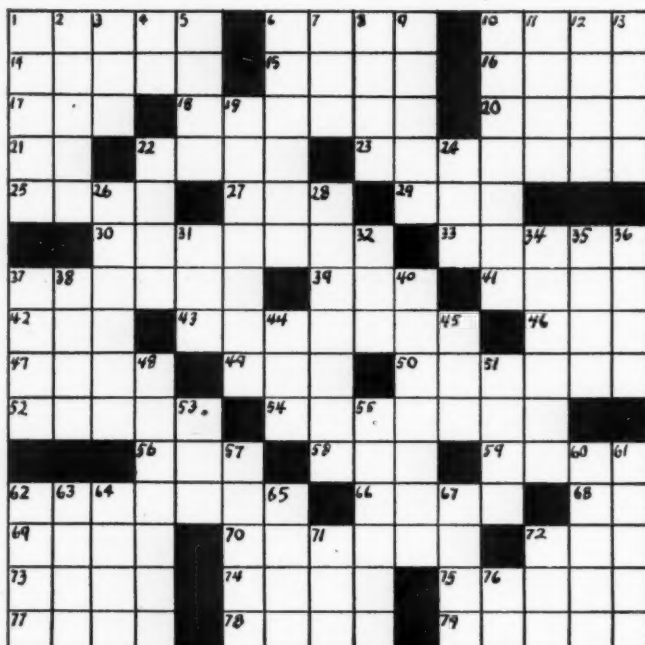
City _____

State _____ Age _____



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



ACROSS

1. Strike with hand or weapon
6. Mimicked
10. Pier
14. Flower
15. Liver secretion
16. Dark
17. Noah's vessel
18. Neuter pronoun
20. —Slow
21. Egyptian sun-god
22. Land area
23. Hide
25. Slovenly person
27. Insect
29. Regret
30. Braided
33. Picture puzzle
37. Dormant
39. Hard-shelled fruit
41. Mentally healthy
42. Species of blackbirds
43. Dignified elderly woman
46. Young cat
47. Skin irritation
49. Hastened
50. Earns
52. Past participle of rose
54. Relative by marriage

DOWN

56. Be indisposed
58. Salt
59. Coquettish glance
62. Distended
66. Transmitted
68. Domestic animal
69. Penitential season
70. Traveling bag
72. Hail (Latin)
73. Solemn affirmation
74. Fencing weapon
75. Displeasure
77. System of weights
78. Raise up
79. Dry by exposure to heat

ACROSS

13. Joint
19. One guilty of treason
22. Competent
24. Mongrel
26. Science of light
28. Renters
31. Conjunction
32. Delved
34. Method of cooking
35. Single thing or person
36. Hardens
37. Den
38. Opposed to
40. Places of worship
44. Existed
45. A point (legal)
48. Hale
51. Part of a plant
53. Nothing
55. With less difficulty
57. Prying instrument
60. Likes very much
61. Put forth vigorously
62. Narrow opening
63. Erode
64. Preposition
65. Back of neck
67. Close by
71. Meadow
72. Turkish officer
76. A refusal

For the solution to this puzzle turn to page 44

A Penny For Your Thoughts

(Continued from page 35)

Window on the Sea can't compare with any other story. It was so good. I like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much. The fashions are adorable.

JANE ANN AITEL

BRONX, NEW YORK: I especially liked *Callie of Crooked Creek* in this last issue. You ought to have more stories like this. Stories like *Kay Finds the Wrong Clue* are very exciting.

All these are very good, but don't you think you should have a joke of the month? *Life With Lil* is very boring.

BARBARA HERSH

P.S. My pen pal in France says she likes *THE AMERICAN GIRL* too. I send my magazines to her when I am through with them.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I am in the eighth grade at Eberhart Branch School. I especially liked your article on typing. I plan to take typing in high school.

How about some more stories like the ones in November's magazine? I particularly liked *Kay Finds the Wrong Clue*—I think it was super.

I am a Second Class Scout in Troop 445.

PATRICIA SCHREIER

HOWLAND, MAINE: Congratulations on your November issue. But as far as I'm concerned, every issue is tops. I read just about every article and story in it. I also enjoy your fashions (when they keep within my pocket-book). I am a Second Class Girl Scout and I think it's a swell organization.

ARLENE CHAMBERLAIN

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA: I thought the article *Meet the Author* was very good. I also enjoyed *Window on the Sea*.

I wish you would please have some animal stories, especially horse and dog stories.

JUDY BRUHL

Please address your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE END

Magic With Mixes

(Continued from page 16)

CHOCOLATE NUT DESSERT PANCAKES

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 cups pancake mix | 1 1/2 cups milk |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1 egg, well beaten |
| 1/2 cup chopped nuts | 1 square (1 oz.) chocolate, melted |

Combine pancake mix, sugar, and nuts. Blend together milk and egg. Add one half of liquid ingredients to dry ingredients. Mix well. Blend in melted chocolate. Add remaining liquid. Bake on hot, lightly greased griddle, turning only once. Serve warm with whipped cream or foamy sauce. Makes twenty-four 3" pancakes.

There are several kinds of muffin mixes available, and only one important precaution to remember when making them. Stir liquid ingredients with dry ingredients only enough

to moisten. The batter should be lumpy. Overmixing causes tough muffins filled with air holes called "tunnels."

You can vary plain muffins in these simple ways, baking as usual.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS: Make plain muffins, placing 2 tablespoons of the batter in the bottom of each greased section of the muffin pan. Over the batter in each section place 1 teaspoon of quick-frozen or well-drained canned blueberries. Then top with 1 tablespoon of the batter.

CHEESE MUFFINS: Make plain muffins, adding 1 cup grated American cheese, lightly packed, to the dry ingredients.

DATE MUFFINS: Make plain muffins, adding 1 cup cut-up, pitted dates. Dust dates lightly with flour before adding to keep pieces from sticking together.

NUT MUFFINS: Make plain muffins, adding 1 cup finely chopped nuts—walnuts, pecans, Brazil nuts, or peanuts—to batter.

BACON MUFFINS: To dry ingredients, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crisp, chopped cooked bacon before adding liquid. Bake as directed on package.

UPSIDE-DOWN MUFFINS: In the bottom of each muffin pan place $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon melted butter and 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Add 1 stewed prune, pitted and drained, or 1 stewed apricot, drained, or 1 teaspoon crushed pineapple, drained. Cover with batter, bake as directed, and serve upside down.

Today, biscuit mix is a stand-by in most kitchens, appearing in attractive hot breads, desserts, dumplings, and shortcakes, main dishes and snacks. Try topping leftover meat-and-vegetable stew with biscuits for a hearty, dressed-up meal, or this tasty, luncheon or Sunday-night supper dish.

CREAMED DRIED BEEF SHORTCAKE

Make biscuits as directed on packaged mix. While they are baking, make creamed dried beef as follows:

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion 2 cups milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fat or salad oil $\frac{1}{4}$ pound dried
 3 tablespoons flour beef, shredded

Brown onion and the fat in top of double boiler placed over direct heat. Blend in flour. Then add milk gradually, stirring constantly. When thickened, place over boiling water and add rest of ingredients. (If dried beef seems salty, rinse in hot water before adding.) Split and butter biscuits lightly and ladle creamed dried beef over biscuits. Serves 4. If desired, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of sliced mushrooms, sautéed, may be added.

One of the newer packaged mixes, which you needn't be afraid to try, is the hot roll mix. Each package has its separate envelope containing the dry, granulated yeast, and the instructions are simple to follow.

You can shape the rolls in any way you desire. If you like dainty little three-sectioned cloverleaf rolls, folded-over Parker House rolls, or plain round rolls, follow directions for shaping on the package. And here's a way you can make fancy, sweet buns from the basic mix.

BUTTERSCOTCH BUNS

Knead as described on package, then roll out thin with a floured rolling pin. Spread the dough with butter, sprinkle brown sugar and chopped nuts over the entire surface. Then roll up, jelly-roll fashion, as tightly as possible. Using a sharp knife, cut the roll

(Continued on page 39)

Sweet Talk!



Talking of sweets — this is a cake he'll "sweet-talk" you into making again and again!



SWEETHEART COCOA CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Nucoa margarine
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 2 eggs
 1 teaspoon vanilla

$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 1 teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa
 1 teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water

(1) Cream Nucoa, add sugar gradually and beat until fluffy. (2) Beat eggs, add to creamed mixture with vanilla, and beat until light. (3) Sift flour, add to creamed mixture with baking powder and salt. (4) Add about half of the flour and sour milk to creamed mixture, beat until smooth. (5) Add remaining flour and sour milk, beat until smooth. (6) Combine cocoa and soda, stir in boiling water, stirring until smooth. (7) Add to batter and stir well. (8) Pour into a Nucoa-d 9-inch square pan lined with waxed paper and again Nucoa-d. (9) Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 40-45 minutes. Remove from pan. Cool and frost with fluffy white frosting. Decorate with candy hearts. Yield: one 9-inch square cake.

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TURNTABLE TIPS



by **CARL BOSLER**

DURING his college days Hal Derwin, the popular singing star, specialized in business administration and never dreamed he would eventually become a musician.

But Hal had an irrepressible urge to sing and spent most of his time after classes making the rounds of Chicago radio stations, taking auditions. One day while standing in the lobby of one of the stations, watching an act from outside a glass-enclosed studio, a stranger hurried up to him and asked if he could sing. After a hesitant affirmative from Hal, the stranger explained that a member of his trio had failed to show up for rehearsal and he needed a fill-in immediately. "I was startled but willing," Hal said, "and the next day we were harmonizing over the air as the Campus Trio." After several successful years with the Trio, including tours as well as voice study, Hal joined Shep Field's outfit. Later he sang with the bands of Boyd Raeburn and Les Brown and eventually wound up in Hollywood, where he began working for the movie studios. Often it's Hal's voice you hear at the movies when you're watching one of your favorite male stars in a musical episode. He's been the dubbed voice for such stars as Lee Bowman, Larry Parks, Barry Sullivan and many others. He has made several musical shorts for Universal, has been heard on many of the top radio programs and Capitol records, and is now sporting a new band on national tour.

Hal is a sports fan, but does more than watch and cheer. He heads the softball team in his band, and in high school and college was one of the mainstays of the swimming team. "I once tried out for track too," he grinned, "but when the coach saw me run he said, 'Son I don't need a stop watch to time you, I need a calendar.' After that I just swam," Hal added laughingly.

Hal is happily married to Louella Howard—his college sweetheart—and they plan to build a home soon in the San Fernando Valley. "We both love to ride," he said, "so we'll have our own stable, with a few horses and a pony for visiting children."

Hal's warm, intimate singing style appeals

to listeners of all ages and should make him a favorite for many years to come.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

By The Way . . . In The Still Of The Night . . . Jo Stafford . . . Capitol . . . Jo gives that soft, silken-voiced treatment to the romantic tune on the topside. On the reverse, an old favorite is taken up-tempo, with tasteful backing by Paul Weston's men.

Getting Sentimental Over You . . . I Kiss Your Hand Madame . . . Spike Jones . . . Victor . . . Spike and the Slickers take the sentimentalists for the usual wild hayride. These sides should definitely scotch the rumor that the boys are learning how to play in tune.

In One Ear . . . Cherokee . . . The Starlighters . . . Capitol . . . The merry songsters are in high humor on the first, telling of a guy and a gal and the "lines" they toss. Tops among singing groups, the Starlighters match this clever novelty with tight harmony and throbbing pace on the flashy "Cherokee" side.

Motion Picture Favorites . . . Andre Kostelanetz . . . Columbia . . . Eight memorable tunes from as many pictures are presented with all the Kostelanetz polish and glamour. "September Song," "A Foggy Day," and "Thanks For the Memory" are included in this excellent collection.

Oodles Of Boodle . . . Love Me Or Leave Me . . . Ernie Felice Quartet . . . Capitol . . . There's highly effective teamwork between accordion and clarinet as Ernie and his boys deftly breeze through this pleasing combination of slow blues and fast-paced swing.

Cocktail Capers . . . Art Van Damme Quintet . . . Capitol . . . Here's more accordion—this time ably abetted in the solo department by vibes and guitar. You'll enjoy the sparkling interpretations of such tunes as "Dark Eyes," "Meadowland," "Lover," and "If I Had You."

Lover Come Back To Me . . . One Morning In May . . . Hal McIntyre . . . MGM . . . The fine McIntyre band plays with a sharp-

ness and precision that isn't often achieved these days. You'll hear some brilliant trumpeting in the rhythmic version of "Lover."

Jazz

Talk Of The Town . . . Coleman Hawkins . . . Capitol . . . That the great "Hawk" has passed the test of time is amply demonstrated by this reissue of a tune he made years ago. It's still fine jazz. If you don't have "The Town" in your collection, here's a golden opportunity.

Stories

Many Moons . . . James Thurber . . . Columbia . . . This is an enchanting tale of a little princess who wanted the moon and how the court jester got it for her. With keen satire, Thurber pricks the conscience of man, who seems more concerned with complex fumbblings than in simple, realistic solutions to his problems.

Pride Of Kentucky . . . Richard Condon . . . MGM . . . "Ah'm the historian o' ma family," says the stubborn stallion, Colonel Horse, by way of explaining his refusal to run fast. As you might expect, he eventually wins the Derby, all because of the strange persuasions of an odd little jockey.

Concert

Stravinsky: Danse Concertantes, RCA Victor Chamber and Symphony Orchestras, conducted by the composer. Here is music which is alternately playful and ironic, and which sparkles with biting harmony and ingenious melody. Originally conceived by Stravinsky as a "ballet for orchestra" it was later adapted as an effective dance work and added to the repertoire of the Ballet Russe (Victor).

Prokofiev: "Classical" Symphony, Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitsky. Despite its many performances, this delightful score still radiates spontaneity and appeal. Each polished movement unfolds under Koussevitsky's masterful leadership with ear-tickling freshness and good humor (Victor).

Dvorák: Symphony No. 4 in G Major, New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Though many consider this to be Dvorák's finest work in symphonic form, it has been completely overshadowed by his popular New World Symphony. The G Major, perhaps the most original of the composer's nine symphonies, is a joyous, sunny work, filled with folk music which vividly portrays the rustic gaiety of Dvorák's native Bohemia (Columbia).

Mozart: Concerto No. 7 For Three Pianos. Among the several works Mozart specifically composed for his pupils is this charming and delicate concerto. This is the first time the work has been recorded and pianists Rosina Lhevinne, Vitya Vronsky, and Victor Babin give a spirited and perceptive performance sensitively accompanied by The Little Orchestra Society conducted by Thomas Scherman (Columbia).

Puccini: La Boheme, with Bidu Sayao and Richard Tucker and the Metropolitan Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Giuseppe Antonicelli. Through Columbia's magnificent long-playing records, Puccini's beloved opera is now available on two records instead of in the usual two cumbersome volumes. Here is a notable performance by the famed Metropolitan Opera Company well worth adding to your collection (Columbia).

THE END

Magic With Mixes

(Continued from page 37)

in $\frac{1}{2}$ " slices. Place these slices, cut side up, on a greased cookie sheet. Cover with waxed paper and let rise again until double in bulk. Bake in a preheated, moderate oven (350°) until brown and toasty—about 25 minutes. Remove from baking sheet and cool on a cake rack.

Several companies now put out excellent cake mixes which lend themselves to a variety of appealing cake desserts. In general, all you have to do is add milk to the contents of the package, stir, and bake. The result is a downy-light texture, a tender crust, and a delicious flavor. A very good example is the white layer cake which is pictured on page 16, which is filled with packaged pudding mix—lemon flavor—and frosted out of a box, too!

LEMON COCONUT FROSTING

- 1 package instant vanilla frosting
4 to 5 teaspoons lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon rind

Empty contents of packaged frosting mix into a small bowl. Add juice and grated rind. Mix together until light and creamy. Frost top and sides of cake and sprinkle generously with coconut.

Packaged frostings, available in several flavors, are made of superfine sugar and bland shortening, insuring creamy, smooth perfection and eliminating graininess or a too-runny icing. One package frosts the top and sides of an 8" layer of cake. Here are directions for making a delicious candy from basic frosting mix.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW FUDGE

- 1 package instant chocolate frosting
4 or 5 marshmallows cut in small pieces
3 teaspoons hot water
2 tablespoons coarsely chopped nuts

To prevent marshmallows from sticking to the blades, dip scissors in warm water frequently. Mix frosting with water and knead, with meticulously washed hands, until smooth and creamy. Add marshmallows and nuts, and knead again until well blended. Roll out with rolling pin to $\frac{1}{8}$ " thickness and cut into 1" squares.

There are an endless number of quick tricks you can do with the excellent tender, flaky piecrust mixes that come in boxes. Whether you're a beginner or an expert, there are times when piecrust made in a jiffy is indicated. You need only combine the contents of the package with the recommended amount of water, mix lightly with a fork, roll out, fit into the pan, and add your favorite filling.

PUMPKIN TARTS

Crust

Combine contents of package of piecrust mix with just enough cold water to make mixture hold together (3 or 4 tablespoons) and mix with fork. Roll dough out on lightly floured board to about $\frac{1}{8}$ " thickness. Cut into 6" rounds. Fit into individual tart or muffin tins, folding to form a standing rim and fluting edges with fingers.

(Continued on page 40)



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It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Frame Your Own Pictures: With this inexpensive kit you can now frame your favorite pictures right at home—and change them whenever you have a yen to try out a new decorating scheme. Complete instructions come with the kit, which includes picture-frame molding, aluminum "corners" to hold frame pieces square while setting, and a ring with rubber bands for drawing the frame tight to assure perfect fit. Additional molding can be purchased in various types, finishes, sizes, and patterns, all cut to size and neatly packaged.

A Place for Everything: You really can achieve this state of perfection with a hanger which is said to hold, all at one time; a slip, suspended by its straps from special shoulder notches; two belts in special slots; a pair of slacks folded neatly over a crossbar; a skirt hung from the skirt hooks; and, over everything, a shirt or jacket—or both!



Self-Sealing Wax Paper: Here is a different wax paper which has innumerable uses. Merely pressing the edges together makes a neat, air-tight package, so that your sandwiches arrive at school or the picnic as fresh as the minute you made them, and it's so strong that moist foods will not seep through. You can wrap such things as fish and cantaloupe in it, too, and their odors are said not to penetrate other foods in the refrigerator or picnic basket.

Something New in Harmonicas: It's played with the fingers instead of the tongue, is pocket-size, small, lightweight. This ingenious version of the mouth organ has genuine brass reeds, true harmonica tone, and plays two full scales, key of E. By following the simple instructions, the manufacturer promises you can make music without having to learn scales or musical theory.



To Protect Shoes and Hosiery: This winter, consider the new booties that slip easily over shoes and take up almost no room inside galoshes or boots. Made of lightweight fabric, they have no snaps, buttons, or zippers, and adjust to any heel height. They protect suede shoes from rubbing and matting under outdoor footgear; calf, kid, or reptile from scuffing; guard hosiery against soil and runs.

For Ice Skaters: Worth making a special note of is a handy, lip-stick-size blade sharpener, weighing less than two ounces, which can be used while the skates are on the feet. The device simply is placed on the blade and moved back and forth, and is said to give a professional, hollow-ground edge. Another advantage—it's equipped with a small chain which can be used also as a key holder.



Tired of the Usual Winter Sports? You could try the "sked"—a combination of ski and sled. It has handlebar supports which also help balance, and can be steered and braked. Anyone, it is claimed, can "sked" successfully on the very first try; and it is said to be good practice for would-be skiers.

Made Easy: At long last a way has been found to eliminate the bugbear of tangled, soiled embroidery cotton. Now an embroidery cotton is being introduced in pull skeins, packaged so that all you have to do is pull the end of the skein until you have the length of thread you want, with no knots, no tangles, and much cleaner results.



A Neat Idea for the Cook: A welcome addition to the list of kitchen gadgets is a handy, flexible device, made of aluminum, which—fastened to the side of any pot or pan—holds spoons, forks, or ladles securely and keeps them from slipping into the cream sauce—or whatever you may be cooking. It's an inexpensive way to keep your temper and your concoctions smooth!

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Magic With Mixes

(Continued from page 39)

Filling

2 slightly beaten eggs	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 3/4 cups canned pumpkin	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon ginger
1 3/4 cups evaporated milk or light cream	1/4 teaspoon cloves

Combine all ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Pour into unbaked pastry shells. Bake 15 minutes in hot (425°) oven, reduce heat to moderate (350°) for 30 minutes, or until silver knife, inserted in center, comes out clean. Serve plain or with a small mound of unsweetened whipped cream in center of each tart.

On the mix shelf at your grocer's, you will discover packaged apple pie which combines pastry mix with the apple slices under one cover. It is a sure-fire way of making America's favorite dessert with the absolute minimum of fuss and bother. Inside the outside wrapper you will discover two separate boxes. One holds enough pastry mix for two tender, flaky crusts, and the other contains spice and dried apple slices. These apple slices miraculously swell up when soaked in water, emerging firm and crisp and with a fresh-apple flavor. Complete directions, with step-by-step pictures, are included in the package. Follow these directions to the letter and you'll be amazed at the light, superior apple pie that even a beginner can turn out in about half the usual time.

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Elena Finds Tomorrow

(Continued from page 33)

"How dreadful it is to think that in all the valley there are no doctors, no hospitals. Poor Pedro! Poor Refugio! And what of your grandmother?"

"The break was bad, but it should mend as good as ever," Elena told her emphatically. Would the gossiping postmistress never give her the package?

Doña Benigna sucked her teeth knowingly as she handed out the laundry box at last. "That is not what I heard," she began.

At that point Juan Duarte interrupted her by returning to ask for a three-cent stamp. Elena seized the opportunity to escape from his insistent stare, and doña Benigna's equally insistent tongue.

But Juan caught up with her before she reached the road. "I have news for you, Elena," he said importantly. "You've always wanted a job. What do you say to a good one in Albuquerque? And at once!"

Elena stood still and stared at him.

"It's a necktie factory—handwoven ties. They want people who know how to weave, and they're going to pick up a load at the crossroads tomorrow night."

"Are you going?" Elena asked suspiciously.

"I might. Oh, it's chaperoned all right, if that's what's bothering you," he added sulkily. "The man and his wife, and they have a very-very nice car."

"Well, be sure you get no wild ideas, Juan Duarte. Not in Albuquerque nor anywhere else do I wish to date with you."

Juan's face darkened. "But with that José Rivera, maybe? Who does he think he is? Pushing me around as if he was the President!"

So that was why Juan had given her a chance at this job—to outsmart Joe Rivera! Perhaps Joe had done her a good turn by noticing her. Wouldn't it be wonderful to leave this very night! To be free of El Mirador at once, without any more waiting. Then she sagged. "But I cannot leave my grandmother with her broken knee," she wailed.

"Don't be a sap, Elena," Juan counseled impatiently. "If you stand for it, your grandmother will use that break to keep you tied to her apron strings another ten years."

When Elena's mouth popped open in angry protest, Juan stopped it with arguments. "Mothers and grandmothers are like that. They think it is for your own good. But didn't they live their own lives when they were young? You have had a rotten deal, Elena. Emilio goes off and does as he pleases, while you stay and work like a slave."

Again Elena tried to interrupt, but Juan's Spanish flowed faster, his hands waving eloquently. "They would have to get along if you were not there, wouldn't they? Sure they would. And why shouldn't Emilio come home and take his turn? Think of the money you could send them. It would be better for your grandmother as well as you."

Juan did not try to follow when Elena turned homeward uncertainly. He fired only one more shot. "Think it over, kid. You look eighteen or nineteen, so you won't even need your folks' consent. Be at the crossroads at seven tomorrow night. I'll tell the Anglos to be sure to save a place in the car for you."

(To be continued)

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THREE GODFATHERS—will win acclaim as a serious, artistic achievement, for it is an extraordinary film. With virtually no plot, a small but expert cast, and magnificent scenery showing Death Valley in all its sinister beauty, the story tells of three desperadoes who court death to fulfill a deathbed promise to the mother of a new-born baby. John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz, and Harry Carey, Jr., head the fine cast.



ENCHANTMENT—One of Samuel Goldwyn's outstanding productions is this tender, nostalgic, and sentimental drama starring David Niven, Teresa Wright, Farley Granger, and Evelyn Keyes. You'll probably grow misty-eyed as the story of two generations of an English family in love and war develops. David Niven should get an Academy Award nomination for his part; Farley Granger and Gigi Perreac are super.



ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—An utterly charming technicolor musical, all in the Gay Nineties mood. The story tells of a small-town dentist (Dennis Morgan) who fancies himself in love with a flirtatious village belle (Janis Paige) but finally ends up with his true love, captivating Dorothy Malone. You'll see colorful costumes, a bicycle built for four, and cute comedy provided by Ben Blue and Dorothy Ford all add to the fun.

by **CAROL CRANE**

Double Trouble

(Continued from page 15)

orchestra tryouts starting in ten minutes, and Allie was not yet back. She and Ellie were both trying out for flute, and Ellie felt with a kind of desperation that they had to make it. Orchestra for senior year was even better than glee club, and ever since they had started taking lessons, the twins had decided that orchestra was their goal.

When Ellie pushed open the heavy doors of the auditorium, where the tryouts were held, she could feel the bustling, breathless, pre-concert atmosphere she loved. Up on the stage Sue Parrish was running through some scales on the piano; Bill Jackson was busily sorting scores in a corner; Nancy Blake was running her bow over the strings of her borrowed violin, and then pausing to listen critically. The members of the music department had already taken their seats in the two rows reserved for them, and their low-pitched talk made a kind of concert-hall hum.

Ellie took her flute out of the case and went to the stage to pick up her music.

"Hi, Double Trouble," Bill Jackson greeted her pleasantly. "You fixing to be a flautist?"

"We're just flute players so far," smiled Ellie.

"Trying out by yourself? Where's the other one?"

"Oh, Allie'll be along," Ellie answered casually, "but I thought I'd go ahead and get it over with."

"Well, good luck."

"Thanks, Bill." She sat down by herself in the front row. Ordinarily it would have been exciting to have Bill Jackson notice her. He was a senior, and the editor of the "News." But right now she was too preoccupied with the thought of the tryouts, and too worried about Allie, to realize how wonderful it was to have Bill Jackson speak to her.

It might be a good idea to run over the music in her mind—she knew she needed more practice. But every few bars she was interrupted by the wheezing sound the doors of the auditorium made when they opened, and every time the doors opened she turned eagerly, expecting to see Allie. Before she knew it the tryouts had started, and Allie had not yet appeared.

Well, there was still time. They were taking them in alphabetical order, and she looked around calculatingly. Blake, Carson, Ealing, Gordon, Grierson—five more before Hillyer. She stared at the sheets of music in her lap, trying to concentrate, trying not to hear the rustlings all around her, the chords of Betsy Ealing's piano on the stage. She really should have practiced more. She'd known it all along, and now it was too late. That was Bunny Grierson with his clarinet going up now; next they'd call Alice Hillyer. Where was Allie? If she could only get through the piece once in her mind, she'd be all right. The doors wheezed again—she turned to look—no, only Freddie Jackson, Bill's kid brother.

The faculty were making their notes a few rows behind her; Bunny Grierson had finished. Mr. Parks stood up.

"Alice Hillyer!"

Ellie waited for a minute, hoping to hear Allie's confident, "Present!" but there was

nothing. Then she stood up and told him, "She isn't here yet, Mr. Parks."

"Ellen Hillyer!"

"Present," said Ellie, and walked up on the stage. She looked down briefly at the rows of pale, blurred faces that gazed back at her expectantly, and began to play. From the second she heard the first note, she knew she was playing badly. Every time the auditorium doors opened she stole a hasty look to see who had come in. Once she lost her place and had to go back two bars; once she sharpened in the wrong place, with a sound that made her wince. When she was nearly finished she saw Allie and Sandra Farmer slip in and take seats near the back. She played through to the end, and left the stage amid perfunctory applause that didn't fool her a bit. She knew she hadn't made it.

"Alice Hillyer!" Mr. Parks must have noticed when Allie came in.

"Present!" Allie walked to the stage with her flute. Ellie breathed hard with relief. Allie would make it. Allie would play in the orchestra during her senior year. Ellie gathered up her notebook, her flute case, her coat and mittens, and hastily left the auditorium before her twin started to play.

Ellie was still too numb inside to grasp the full impact of what had occurred, but she knew it was the worst thing that had ever happened to her. For the first time she had failed where she knew Allie would succeed. Allie would play in the orchestra for senior year. Allie would rush off to rehearsals right after dinner. Allie would go down to Dorset for the big concert, while she, Ellie, applauded from the audience.

She deposited her belongings on a bench near the front door and slowly put on her coat, so intent on her misery that she didn't hear someone come up behind her until a voice said, right at her ear, "Hi, Double Trouble, we meet again."

Even before she turned around she knew it was Bill Jackson, with his friendly grin that seemed to say all sorts of things like, "I really am glad to see you," and "Don't worry about those old tryouts, they aren't worth it."

"Hi, Bill," returned Ellie, in what she hoped was the proper casual tone.

"Heading toward home?" Then, before she had time to answer, "How about a quick coke at Henderson's on the way?"

"I'd love one." Suddenly the orchestra tryouts began to recede into the past. She was walking down the driveway in the soft spring afternoon with Bill Jackson, the editor of the "News."

"I've been trying to get a chance to talk to you for the past few days," Bill said, "but I was afraid I'd get mixed up and ask the wrong twin. It's awfully hard to tell you apart in a hurry, you know."

"How do you know you haven't asked the wrong twin now?" Ellie parried, feeling an unaccustomed twinge of apprehension at the idea.

"I waited till I saw your sister Allie plainly labeled up there on the stage, tooting away like crazy," Bill explained cheerfully. "She's pretty good, isn't she?"

"Awfully good." Ellie's loyalty welled up. "She's terrific. Last week Miss Gates said—"

"Look, excuse me," interrupted Bill, "but it's you I want to talk about. Miss Denney showed me the essay you wrote for the State contest."

"Why?" Ellie, trying to keep up with her companion's long strides, was genuinely puzzled.

"Can you keep a secret, even from your sister?" Bill's grin widened and his left eye winked at her.

"Of course."

"She showed it to me, Miss Ellen Hillyer, because I want to print an interview with the winner of the contest in the 'News,' and you've won it!" Cutting off the beginning of Ellie's squeal, he added hurriedly, "But you're really not supposed to know until it's officially announced in the newspapers and in school."

Ellie was practically speechless. "I don't know what to say!"

"Well, never mind," Bill replied comfortably as they reached Henderson's, "we can think up a good interview while we're having a coke."

Ellie subsided abruptly as she slid into the narrow booth. In a very confusing way, things seemed to be working out all right. Allie had made orchestra, but she had won the essay contest, and here she was in a booth at Henderson's, having a coke with Bill Jackson. She realized, all in a flash, that it was much better this way. She didn't have to be exactly like Allie, any more than Allie had to be exactly like her. They could be twins and still be different—that was



"She looks as if she's trying to tell us something, dear."

The AMERICAN GIRL Index for 1948

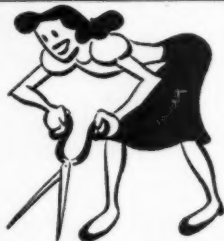
The American Girl index for the past year will be printed separately, and a limited number will be available on request. The index will be classified, as usual, under the program fields of Girl Scouting. Anyone wishing a copy of the index should address the request to The American Girl editorial office, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York, and enclose a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope.

ANSWER

to Crossword Puzzle on page 36



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what Allie had been trying to tell her all along, and she hadn't understood.

"What'll it be, Double Trouble?"
"Lemon coke," she said. "But you'd better call me Ellie. Otherwise you might ask the wrong twin."

She looked up and managed a big, unladylike wink. And then she matched Bill's hearty grin with a really sincere one of her own.

THE END

Recipe for a Career

(Continued from page 11)

actual, practical experience as a manager!

If all this talk of jobs and futures has you hitching your wagon to a star career in food, you'll be interested in knowing these preparatory steps which you can start taking right now. First, be on party committees; volunteer to help with refreshments, and test your ability to organize and work with people on food problems. Next, if you want a summer job, try and get it somewhere in the world of food; a near-by hotel or restaurant may be looking for a schoolgirl as waitress, cook's helper, or clerk to the manager. A position in the kitchen or dining room of a camp or nursery school is also fine experience, with an added opportunity to analyze young people's eating habits, likes and dislikes.

Plan your educational program carefully—the earlier the better—consulting your school vocational adviser or home-economics teacher, if possible. You will want to take some high-school arithmetic, physiology, and all the chemistry you can get. Typewriting is a valuable skill for you to have, and at least an introduction into the mysteries of bookkeeping is useful. For languages, remember that French is still widely used in fine-food circles, and that Spanish is often useful for the dietitian, since nowadays it is the language spoken by so many employees in food services. Best of all, send for college catalogues so that you can study the various costs, requirements for entrance, and curriculums of available courses in Home Economics, and plan for an early application to one of your choice. For information regarding specific training courses, you may write to the American Dietetic Association, 620 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. This organization, influential in setting and keeping the high standards of the profession, will be glad to answer your inquiries.

As you explore the subject of specialized, after-high-school training for the dietitian or food manager, you will find there are some excellent two-year courses, such as the one given at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York. With such a diploma, and the practical experience of a student apprenticeship, you can hold many desirable food posts. However, a Bachelor of Science degree in Home Economics, with Nutrition or Institution Management as the major field, is being required more and more often. But it may help you to know about Nancy G., a talented, ambitious girl whose family couldn't afford four college years for her—yet who holds today an exciting, important job in the field. With the help of a scholarship-loan, she completed a two-year course, and then secured a position which enabled her to pay back her loan and study for her B.S.

degree at a convenient night school in the neighborhood.

But let's skip ahead a few years and imagine you've graduated from high school, and have been admitted to the Home Economics course of your choice. Your hours are busy ones. You scurry from the foods laboratory where you learn the theory of cookery, to the college kitchen where you apply the knowledge in terms of a sixty-quart mixer and a twenty-gallon soup kettle. Institution kitchens make you feel like Alice in Wonderland for the first session or so, but soon skillful teaching, and your own adaptability, have you ready to take your place as student supervisor when your turn comes. Some nutrition classes are lectures, but others find you in the laboratory or out in the field, applying theory in public-health centers or working with youngsters in day nurseries. There will be classes in college English, too, for who knows when you may want to write up a particular phase of your work for a professional journal or a newspaper? In any event, you realize more and more that the ability to give clear work directions, whether in writing or by word of mouth, is particularly important in the food field.

If you are looking for a career that's "glamorous" in the Hollywood sense, you will discover that food management and dietetics are disappointing. But if you want a career with practically limitless possibilities for applying your own special abilities, with recognized professional status throughout the country, food management is it. The field of home economics has made tremendous strides in the past quarter of a century, and experts predict that it has an ever-broadening scope of influence.

With the best training you can obtain, you will grow along with your profession, and have the special thrill of seeing your job—your department or cafeteria or diet kitchen—reflect your ideas, hopes, and energies. It means hard work, yes. But for the right girl, it's fascinating. Here's wishing her the best of luck!

THE END

But Not Jeff

(Continued from page 7)

leave fellows standing around for ages. Maybe Barbie had grown disgusted with him even before the first dance. He frowned.

Chet shrugged his shoulder. "Don't say I didn't warn you." He moved away to join a group of boys in the stag line, and in a moment Jeff heard them laughing uproariously.

He wandered off, disconsolate. Any moment now the dance would begin. The music committee had arranged the platters to their satisfaction, and the edge of the gym floor was fairly well crowded with couples.

"Nuts!" Jeff said savagely, about nothing in particular and everything in general.

"Jeff!" Barbie's voice was eager in his ear. "I thought I'd never find you. I looked everywhere, and then I thought—" Her words trailed off.

"What did you think?" Jeff asked quickly, but the music began, and she merely smiled and shook her head.

Jeff held her carefully, as though she were a bit of glass likely to shatter in his grasp. It was strange how different dancing with a

(Continued on page 46)



BOOKS

by Marjorie Cline

This month we're paging the mystery fans, to set them tracking down clues in four very different stories about puzzling problems.

THE VEILED MYSTERY. By DIXIE WILLSON. Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50. This one is for the more feminine group in our audience, for it is rich in all the fascinating details of a wedding. But who was the strange girl, of whom none of the Baxters had ever heard, who made minute arrangements to be married on June fifteenth in their lovely country home? Day by day they grew more puzzled and, being mystery lovers, more and more thrilled and excited, as caterer, florist, photographer, musicians appeared to plan for the big event. A diamond wedding ring arrived, and a letter from the unknown groom announcing that twenty relatives were coming to the wedding, and the Baxters had no kin at all! But they had a taste for adventure and they entered into the wedding preparations with gusto, hoping that June fifteenth would explain the whole puzzling affair. Everything was ready and waiting at the hour scheduled, including the flower girl, groom, wedding guests, caterer, musicians, and minister, but where was the bride? The young Baxters found themselves plunged deeper than ever in their thrilling roles of amateur detectives, trying to unravel a tangle of clues which involved an heirloom wedding veil, a cover-girl photograph, telegrams in code, as well as several cross-country chases. This is a dramatic and entertaining as well as a puzzling mystery in a pleasant setting, and the Baxters are a congenial, closely knit family such as you enjoy reading about.

THE BAMBOO KEY. By L. A. WADSWORTH. Rinehart and Company, \$2.25. This is one for the tomboys who love boys' books, for there are no girls on-stage in this story. Scott Prentice had no use for Chinook, the small town to which he had recently moved, and little interest in the people in it, but his brother Hal was friendly with everyone. Scott believed his father had been swindled by miserly Jules Linderman, the town's rich man, and the grudge extended to Jan, the nephew with whom old Jules had quarreled. Through Hal's friendliness, Scott became involved with Jan in strange doings at the great, grim Linderman house on a night when a blizzard was raging, and Lute Cherry, whom old Jules had helped to commit to an insane asylum, had escaped in the storm with a knife in his hand. In the empty house, with its open door banging in the wind, the boys found that bedridden Jules had apparently disappeared and that his servant was uncon-

scious, seriously injured by a blow from the old gentleman's bamboo cane. There was something strange about the cane, and about the old man's quarrel with Jan. What had been the motive for whatever had happened here earlier in the evening? Naturally Scott suspected Jan, and the sheriff suspected both boys. In clearing himself and helping to solve the mystery, Scott got to know not only Jan but other boys in town and, when at last the swift moving events of that night and day gave him a chance to think, he found to his surprise that he had a new opinion of Chinook. This is a lively, well-told tale, creating a fine illusion of reality, and with plenty of action and suspense.

THE CHARLEMONT CREST. By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. Doubleday and Company, \$1.00. This is for those who like history, romance, and a colorful foreign background. It takes place in Haiti, where Molly Benton, daughter of a colonel in the Marines, and her friend, Helen Brooks, come upon a mystery which makes the tragic history of Haiti come alive in a most exciting way. For the packet of old letters, which the girls find in an old silver candlestick, yields tantalizing fragments of the dramatic story of what happened to Helen's great-great-grandfather, Jean Charlemonte, as a small baby during the violent days when the Negro, Jean Jacques Dessaline fought the French, proclaimed himself emperor, and massacred the white people. Naturally all the girls' thoughts as well as every possible moment of their time from then on are given to tracking down the missing links in the tale. This involves a search for the mate to the candlestick and for the ruins of the old Charlemonte plantation, the deciphering of a code, encounters with Haitian voodoo, and a visit to Christophe's famous mountaintop Citadel. You will learn something of Haiti's past and present as you put your wits to work, along with Molly and Helen, in solving the riddle of the silver candlestick.

THE OLD FLAG'S SECRET. By MARGARET IRWIN SIMMONS. Thomas Y. Crowell, \$2.50. This month's fourth and last mystery is a boarding-school story. Dina Charles had waited a long time to attend her mother's school and she knew she must make the most of this one year because it was all her mother could afford. Perhaps that is why everything at Crofton Hall held a special significance. She enjoyed it fully—friends, fun,

hikes, taking part in a play, and especially the riding lessons. Though everyone else accepted at their face value the strange wording of the old sampler and the odd picture on the flag, embroidered by Miss Abbie Crofton, original owner of the Hall in Revolutionary days, Dina could not banish the idea of a hidden meaning. So she spent all her spare time reading Revolutionary history and searching Miss Abbie's faded diaries. That is how she alone had any clue to the strange things that began to happen at Crofton Hall and, with the help of her lively roommate and her friend, Tom Everest, succeeded in solving a riddle that was of utmost importance to Crofton Hall and to Dina herself. You'll enjoy the modern boarding-school background, the roommates, Dina and Linda, who make such fine foils for each other, and the intriguing mystery with its roots in colonial days.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL. By ANNE EMERY. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.50. Do you like stories that tell about sections of your country different from the one in which you live? Then you'll thoroughly enjoy this one about a girl of today in the Kentucky mountains. The lovely setting is vivid, the characters believable, the plot well-knit and full of suspense. The restrained use of dialect gives the flavor of mountain speech without becoming cumbersome or wearying to the reader. Laurel, as the oldest girl in a motherless family, finds it difficult to sacrifice her dream of a career in nursing to care for her brothers and sisters. This means hard work in a primitive mountain home. And Laurel, young and frustrated, is not always as understanding as she might be, especially to her next sister, Mary Ellen. The only bit of brightness comes through an attractive pair of "outlanders," brother and sister. It is a long, full year before Laurel learns to tell true friends from the fair-weather variety, and that there is more to a career than making money. These lessons are not limited to the Kentucky mountains, so the story has meaning for girls everywhere.

THE END



"I don't believe I've ever seen such a strong maternal instinct."



HOW DO YOU STUDY?

by Jeannette Eyerly

● Although homework isn't exactly in the category of death and taxes, still it is something that has to be faced five nights a week. But how you face it is entirely up to you! Listed below are ten double statements. Check the one in each group that best describes you. Be honest in your answers, and when you've finished, add up your score. Maybe a change in those grooves of study will raise a C to a B, a B to an A. Certainly a report card is no place to be living a life of "E's"!

1. () A. You go to your room (lucky if you have one) or find the next best spot—the kitchen or dining-room table will do—and hang out the "Danger, woman at work" sign.
() B. You settle down in the bosom of the family, preferably on the floor with the radio going, when you prepare to tackle Latin verbs or geometry.
2. () A. You whip into your homework as soon as the dinner dishes are out of the way and stick to it until the job is done.
() B. You usually put off your homework until the last moment on the theory that you work best under pressure.
3. () A. You either keep an assignment book or have some other adequate means of listing all outside work (other than marking up your textbooks).
() B. You usually have to make at least one telephone call to check up on assignments before getting started.
4. () A. You keep the implements of your trade in one place: pen, pencils, paper, scratch-pad, books, etc.
() B. You wander about, "lonely as a cloud that floats o'er vales and hills," looking for your books or a pencil with a point on it.
5. () A. You would simply die before you'd dust off an old theme of your elder sister's (that she got an A on) and hand it in as your own.
() B. You would take someone else's solution to an algebra problem because you're convinced that you would have arrived at the same answer if you'd taken time to work it yourself.
6. () A. You don't broadcast the fact far and wide, but you realize that by sliding out of your homework you are cheating only yourself.
() B. You frequently say, "It won't matter a hundred years from now whether I get my homework done or not."
7. () A. You hand in each day's work confident that it is the best you can do.
() B. You frequently have to explain to your teacher that your work would have been better but: a) you had week-end guests; b) you had a cold; c) you lost your notebook.
8. () A. You try to do each day's work as it comes and not attempt to stuff a semester's learning into your head overnight.
() B. You wait until examination day is practically upon you, then cram like a mad thing, to your discomfort and your family's displeasure.
9. () A. There's always one subject a little tougher than the rest, so you devote a little extra time to the bugaboo and banish the bogie. (Who says I can't master geometry?)
() B. You tell yourself that French or Latin or science is your blind spot and that no matter how hard you try you can't be good in everything.
10. () A. You have more than a nodding acquaintance with standard reference books at home or the school library and you've learned how to make them work for you.
() B. You call upon the combined brains of the entire family when you are faced with a really knotty assignment.

Scoring: Count ten points for each A answer that you have checked. If you score 100 you ought to be sprouting wings any day now; 80 to 90 is very good indeed; 60 to 70 "fair and continued colder." But 50 or under, well, now, honestly! Why do you even bother to carry your books home at night?

But Not Jeff

(Continued from page 44)

girl at a special dance was from dancing with her during the noon recreation period. He wondered if Barbie noticed it, too. He glanced down, but her face was hidden. He wondered—and then he missed a step. "Nuts!" he said to himself. "Watch where you're going, you dumb bunny!"

Before the intermission the other fellows cut in quite a bit. Barbie was popular, there was no denying that. Jeff hovered around on the side lines, trying hard not to lose sight of her in the growing mob. Even Chet had had one dance with her, and Jeff had scowled the whole time. Chet had better not try walking Barbie off the floor, Jeff thought, or the big goof would have him to reckon with. He even imagined knocking Chet to the floor with one blow, although he had never knocked anyone out in his life. Then he thought of Barbie—would she be embarrassed about being fought over? Her mother wouldn't like it, that was certain. She'd arrange it that Barbie just wouldn't have a free evening whenever Jeff loomed on the scene. Gosh!

He parked Barbie in a secluded corner the moment the intermission began and dashed for the punch table. Everyone else seemed to have a similar idea, and Jeff had a few minutes to wait.

"Two cups, please," he said happily to the teacher presiding over the punch bowl. He was almost confident, grinning shyly at his former Latin instructor.

And then he felt the color surging up into his face again. Two girls on his right looked at him, looked at each other, and then burst into giggles. Now what was it? Did he look funny? Had he done something crazy? Why was it that a couple of girls could send him into the depths of despair over something of which he was unaware? He seized the proffered cups, stumbled over someone's feet in an effort to get away, sloshed punch over his hand, and finally made it out to the open space of the dance floor.

Hot, embarrassed, and muttering, he stalked to Barbie's corner.

"Mmmm," Barbie said, smiling shyly again, "it's good. Doesn't it make you feel cool, Jeff?"

"Well," Jeff said, mopping his forehead, wiping furiously at the sticky punch spilled on his hand, and still boiling with disgust at his own embarrassment, "well, yes, I guess so."

BARBIE began to hum the last song that had been played. Jeff watched her from the corner of his eye. Her eyes shone. She looked like a girl who was having a good time.

"Jeff," she said slowly, studying the dregs of punch in her cup, "you'll probably think I'm silly, but I was scared that this date wouldn't be a success."

Jeff's eyes dropped, and he stared at the tips of his shoes. This was it, then. He might have known it. He might have known that no girl could get interested in anyone who blundered as much as he. Only Barbie was nicer about it than most girls would have been. She didn't laugh at him, and she was telling only him. He couldn't trust himself to speak.

"You wouldn't understand, I guess," Barbie went on.

"I—I-guess I understand," he muttered.
 "No, I don't think you do," she persisted.
 "With some people—well, they know just the thing to say, and everything."

"I know," Jeff admitted miserably.
 "And others—they don't. That's what I was afraid of tonight. My first date, a really planned-for date. But it didn't matter, Jeff, because every time I didn't know what to do next, you did."

"What!" He stared at her in bewilderment.

"I knew you wouldn't understand. But it's been a grand evening, Jeff. I'm having a wonderful time—even if it ended right now, I'd still have had a wonderful time. I guess you'll think I'm crazy for telling you, maybe, but I just didn't know what to do."

"Barbie!" cried Jeff. Then he said it again, only much more softly and tenderly. "Barbie!"

Barbie turned on her shy grin again, and with it Jeff felt a wave of confidence wash over him. "Barbie," he said, "you're doing all right, kid, just all right."

And as he drew her to him for the next dance, he never noticed that his right foot knocked over his cup, and that the last of his punch spilled over his shoe.

THE END

Formula for Friendship

(Continued from page 17)

read some of her books, but six months later she's apt to feel differently, if her books are collecting dust on your bookshelves as though they had found a new home. And if you borrow Deborah's skates, you can hardly blame her for being less than cordial when they're returned with dull blades and broken laces.

If you're careful of her belongings when you borrow them, and if you're not constantly borrowing, you'll usually receive a welcome when you do ask. But it's up to you to understand if Deborah is reluctant about lending something that is particularly dear to her heart. You know that album of records you treasure, and how you hate to let it out of your sight? No friendship can flourish on a basis of "what's yours is mine and what's mine is my own" either. If you like to be free to borrow your friends' games, scrapbooks, and equipment, your own have to be equally available.

Maybe you're one of the girls with whom anyone's possessions are safe, because you guard them as tenderly as your own. But are you just as careful with secrets or confidences that are entrusted to you? Are you too much of a friend to pass along gossip, give away a private problem, or talk behind someone's back? In a burst of confidence, Lorna told you how she feels about the boy who sits beside her in algebra class, and you're tempted to pass on the information to Claire. Get thee behind me, temptation! Maybe Claire would think it was funny enough to tell the family at dinner, and Claire's teen-age brother Ben might not be loath to tease his friend about his fatal charms, and who should the friend be but the boy in Lorna's algebra class! Of course you didn't mean to hurt Lorna, but it's as easy as that.

You know how you feel sometimes when you just have to tell someone about a pet ambition of yours, or a secret fear, or an event that has made a difference in your

life? Wouldn't you cringe inside if you thought your most personal feelings were going to be traded around from hand to hand? Bearing that in mind will help you keep your friends' confidences right where they belong—in confidence.

Little things can add up to spoil a fine friendship. Keeping Gertrude waiting in the gym half an hour before you show up; forgetting dates that you made together, or breaking them because something better turned up; and always copying Gertrude's notes, won't endear you to her. If you disagree violently, so that the calm waters of your friendship are really churned, try to go back and settle it together, instead of running off in a huff or turning to someone else to complain or wail.

You get out of a friendship as much as you put into it, and the putting in can be heart-warming and enriching. Perhaps you haven't ever fully realized just how much you have to offer. High time you took stock, then! Knowing the plus side of your personality, and what you do well, isn't the same as being conceited or smug, in case you're wondering.

You owe it to yourself to recognize that you have certain good qualities, because that gives you poise and confidence; and maybe, too, it helps you to see other people's good qualities. Just because you can't execute a swan dive with champion form or play boogie-woogie or sing like Deanna Durbin, you may consider yourself a wash-out. Of course you're more interesting and more fun to know if you do have hobbies and ideas of your own, but in friendship, what counts most can be your fine sense of humor, your generosity, your sportsmanship,

anything. Turn about by remembering your own quirks and mannerisms, and how you want Sally to accept you in spite of them. If you show Sally that you like her, and if you aren't stingy with an occasional word of praise, with tact and understanding perhaps you can help her realize how unpleasant she sounds. But you have to be sure of your ground and of yourself. Do you feel angry or resentful when Sally tells you that your posture is bad and your hair is stringy, or can you accept suggestions and take criticisms? You have to be as tender of her feelings as you'd like her to be of yours.

Friendship is a fifty-fifty relationship. That's why, when Doris holds out for skating and you'd rather play ping-pong, you try to arrange your Saturday to include both. Or when Elizabeth says she'd rather hear symphony than swing, you lend an ear. If you welcome it, a certain amount of difference lends spice to friendship and broadens your horizons. Agreeing all the time, and always enjoying exactly the same activities, is like living in a stagnant pool.

You're the girl who wants lots of friends of all kinds, because you know they can bring you challenging ideas, new hobbies, fresh outlooks. Sure, you may like Cecily better than any of the other girls. Somehow you and she "speak the same language." You're like two receiving sets tuned to the same wave length. But you don't want to become an exclusive twosome, because you know that can shut you off from other worth-while friendships, tie you down, and make you unable to decide anything on your own. And think how letdown you'd feel if an inseparable friend moved away!

Friends are bound to come and go in your life, and sometimes it's saddening. But the little girl next door whom you made mud pies with long ago, probably wasn't the same one you enjoyed playing dolls with later. And chances are that the friend with whom you planned a scrapbook isn't the one who now shares your argyle knitting sessions. You may keep some of your friends all of your life, but even they will be important to you in different ways at different times. That's because you change and so do your friends, and you can go on feeling affection for them without hanging on to them for dear life. If you give the most to your friendships and keep welcoming new ones, you won't have to worry about how the pattern is altered.

No friendship is ideal always. There are days when your brother teases you past endurance and your schoolwork is all wrong and you're just generally in the dumps. On those blue days, you may be sharp with your favorite friend and refuse to fall in with anything she suggests. On the other hand, sometimes she's picky and hard to please. But against those times are the never-to-be-forgotten days when you laugh together, talk endlessly, plan happily, and feel you're blessed with the most wonderful friends in the world. You can't always be up in the clouds, but those moments make it worth trying hard to meet the challenge of friendship with all of its ups and downs, high moments and doldrums, rewards and problems.

No, there's no fixed formula for every friendship, because you're you, and in the same way each of your friends is special and different. But there is one guide. As Emerson put it, "The only way to have a friend is to be one!"

THE END



UNAPPRECIATED TALENT

by Bert Penny

If I could get an audience
 I'd lay them in the aisles,
 For I've a plaintive tenor voice
 That can be heard for miles.
 Yet, when beneath the midnight sky
 I give out with a croon,
 There's just one faithful listener—
 The sympathetic moon.

your willing ear, and your steady loyalty.

Just as you score yourself fairly on your good points, so you score your friends on theirs. Occasionally, however, you catch yourself nagging and finding fault, until what was once a beautiful friendship becomes a memory, because you couldn't resist the urge to change your friends to your idea of what they should be. Naturally you can't like everything about all of your friends. Your very best friend, Sally, has an irritating habit of squealing when she laughs, and of laughing at everything and

Jokes

USELESS

Mrs. (learning to drive): John, that mirror above the windshield isn't set right.

Mr.: What's the matter with it?

Mrs.: I can't see anything in it but the car behind!

Sent by BARBARA BACK, West Hartford, Connecticut

OPERA NOTES

TIM: I work in the opera at night, and carry a spear in the last act.

NANCY: But how do you keep awake that late?

TIM: Fellow behind me carries a spear, too.

Sent by NEVA ANN RIDDLE, Aurora, Missouri

QUIET, PLEASE

DAUGHTER: I found a horseshoe this morning.

MOTHER: Do you know what that means?

DAUGHTER: Yes, it means that some horse is running around in his stocking feet.

Sent by MARIETTA SHUEY, Palmyra, Pennsylvania

OF COURSE

MISS SMEAN: Freddie, your essay on 'My Mother' is exactly like your brother's, word for word.

FREDDIE: Yes, ma'am. We have the same mother.

Sent by BETTY LEONE, Sunapee, New Hampshire

WELL ACQUAINTED

MRS. JONES: Did you meet your son at the station?

MRS. SMITH: Oh, no! I've known him for years!

Sent by SUE ANN STEBBINS, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

NICE AND FRESH

CUSTOMER: This coffee tastes like mud.

WAITRESS: Well, why shouldn't it? It was ground this morning.

Sent by MARY JO FITZGERALD, Boone, Iowa

REBELLION

A statistician took his children to the zoo one Saturday. Later he handed his wife this memorandum on the day's activities:

"Dried tears, 11 times; tied shoes, 13 times; balloons bought, 3 per child; balloon's average life, 13 seconds; told children not to cross the street, 21 times; children crossed the street, 21 times; average number of Saturdays I'll do this again, 0."

Sent by JACKIE WILLIAMS, Little Rock, Arkansas

CAUGHT!

SHE: Are you fond of moving pictures?
HE: Yes, indeed.

SHE: Then you won't mind moving some down out of the attic for Mother.

Sent by BETTY L. CARLETON, Teaneck, New Jersey

MOVING STAIRWAY

JACK: My uncle is in the hospital.

JERRY: What's wrong with him?

JACK: He walked down a ladder a couple of minutes after the painter took it away.

Sent by JOANNE ELIZABETH KINGSBURY, Mabel, Minn.

DISPLACEMENT

SHOPPER: I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums, but when I weighed them there was only a pound and a half.

GROCER: My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed your little boy?

Sent by MARILYN GREENE, Moscow, Idaho

MISUNDERSTANDING

GIRL: I thought I told you to come after supper.

BOY: That's what I came after.

Sent by CAROL BRABANT, La Crosse, Wisconsin

BALKY

MOTHER: Billy's just like a furnace when it comes to practicing the piano.

DAD: You mean he's all steamed up about it?

MOTHER: No. If you don't watch him, he's liable to go out!

Sent by CAROL NIEMAN, Cleveland, Ohio

ONLY WAY

TEACHER: If you were getting dinner for six people, and had five potatoes, how would you divide them to give each one an equal share?

PUPIL: I'd mash them.

Sent by MILDRED OLSON, Woodville, Wisconsin

TENDERFOOT

STABLEBOY (to new rider): Would you like the Texas saddle or the English saddle?

NEW RIDER: What's the difference?

STABLEBOY: Well, the Texas saddle has a horn and the English saddle hasn't.

NEW RIDER: I'll take the English saddle. I don't expect to be in heavy traffic.

Sent by HELEN FAUST, St. Paul, Minnesota

SELF-DEFENSE

TILLIE: If a man smashed a clock, could he be convicted of killing time?

WILLIE: Well, not if the clock struck first.

Sent by PATRICIA BENSON, Birmingham, Alabama

A LONG TERM

TEACHER: Henry, what do you expect to be when you graduate from school?

HENRY: An old man.

Sent by EVELYN FISH, Seattle, Washington

TWOSOME

A flea and an elephant crossed a bridge together.

"Boy, oh, boy!" said the flea when they reached the other side. "We sure did make that bridge shake!"

Sent by WANDA CRAVEN, Paris, Texas

REMEDY

MARY: Quick, wake up, Sue! I heard a mouse squeak.

SUE: What do you expect me to do, get up and oil it?

Sent by TERRI FRENCH, Winnetka, Illinois

LIGHT SENTENCE

COACH: In my opinion, what this team needs is life.

MANAGER: Oh, no, thirty days would be enough.

Sent by PATTY FRANK, Lorain, Ohio

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"I thought you said you knew how to walk in high heels!"

Pretty-Wise?

(Continued from page 12)

(f) Ice-cold cotton pads will soothe and rest tired eyes.

(g) The proper way to open a bobby pin is with the flat of the thumb.

(h) Chipped nail polish should be patched up with a new coat over the old.

(i) For a round face, tiptilted, harlequin-type eyeglass frames are suitable.

(j) The bus is a good place to catch up on your reading.

4. Now see if you can fill these basic beauty prescriptions. Score 2 points for each formula correctly dispensed. Then take as directed.

(a) Drink milk daily.

(b) Ideal room temperature for sleeping:

(c) Dentist appointments: per

(d) Brush hair at least strokes daily.

(e) Take glasses of water every twenty-four hours.

5. Take your choice. One statement in each group is right, and you get 4 points if you choose it.

(a) If excess weight were your worry, would you:

1. Skip breakfasts?
2. Talk it over with the family M.D.?
3. Exercise to the point of exhaustion?

(b) So you're going to a dress-up party tonight! In planning your dressing-time schedule will you:

1. Count on your escort's late arrival?
2. Go on with your argyles. Mother will help you get ready in a jiffy?
3. Allow ample time for well-planned preparations?

(c) On your first day at the beach, you'll:

1. Sit it out under an umbrella.
2. Frolic away the day under the sun.

3. Toast for fifteen minutes, then retire politely.

(d) To prevent ragged fingernail cuticle:

1. Trim around it with manicure scissors.

2. Push back cuticle gently after every handwashing.

3. Bite off hangnail ends.

(e) For super-slick eyebrows:

1. Use a tiny brush to smooth and shape them.

2. With tweezers, pluck a severe outline.

3. Use an eyebrow pencil to draw your own.

6. Fudge, cottage cheese, apple pie, gingerbread, sardines, turnips, strawberries, carrots.

Above is a market list. All you do is pick the food on the list that will best help you to:

- (a) Eye health.
- (b) Strong, healthy teeth.
- (c) Winter "sunshine."

Count 5 for each correct choice.

ANSWERS TO PRETTY-WISE

1. The ten wrong practices:

1. Desk faces window (daytime glare).

2. Desk too high for good posture.

3. Desk lamp's shade nontransparent—doesn't spread light evenly.

4. Lamp in center of desk—should be at Susie's left elbow.

5. Susie's book flat on desk—should be tilted at easy angle.

6. Eyes too close to book! They should be at least one foot away from it.

7. Bare light bulb over Sally. It should be shaded.

8. Also, light hangs too high; arm's length away is right.

9. Sally should be propped up for reading in bed, not lying on stomach.

10. Those forgotten eyeglasses! If Sally needs them for reading, she should wear them.

2. a-3. Page boy gives length to round face, and forehead dip breaks circle.

b-1. Here, slightly rounded bang breaks line of long, thin face. Softness at sides adds width.

c-2. Soft, brushed-up feather cut is for square face. It softens contours, helps give oval look.

3. (a) True. Then another layer of lipstick, and blot with tissue.

(b) False. Wait until it's just damp.

(c) False. Experts say warm milk and crackers are most conducive to sleep.

(d) True. Curving toenails encourage ingrown toenails.

(e) False. Use lukewarm water, and plenty of hand cream.

(f) True. Try it for fifteen minutes before a party.

(g) True. You'll spare your tooth enamel and fingernails.

(h) False. Use nail-polish remover; then start with fresh enamel.

(i) True. The gay angles break that round line.

(j) False. Changing light and jumpy pages cause eye strain.

4. (a) 1 quart.

(b) Fifty-five degrees.

(c) Twice per year.

(d) 100 strokes.

(e) Eight glasses.

5. (a) 2. He'll prescribe diet and/or exercise.

(b) 3. It's the only way to feel poised and look well-patched-together.

(c) 3. Overexposure can ruin your whole summer, for sunburn is as dangerous as a flame burn.

(d) 2. That's real prevention. Cutting and biting only toughen the cuticle.

(e) 1. Eyebrows, like hairdos, respond to brushing.

6. (a) carrots (Vitamin A). (b) cottage cheese (Calcium). (c) sardines (Vitamin D).

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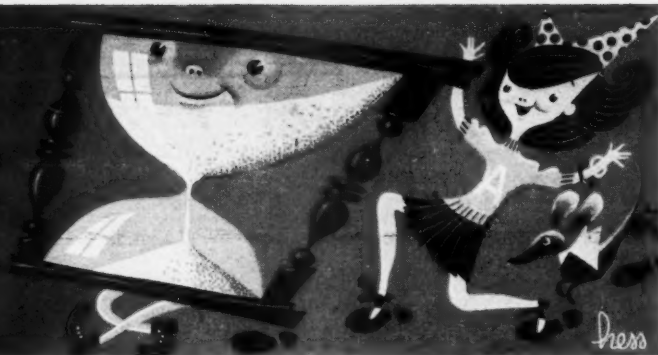
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In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

Home Again

Last month at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, "Collier's Magazine" made its annual aviation award to the first airplane to fly at supersonic speeds—a rate of 670 miles an hour. But the high point of the ceremonies that day was the honor paid to another plane, which on its first flight stayed in the air for only twelve seconds, and flew only 860 feet. That plane was the *Kitty Hawk*, the "box kite" built by Orville and Wilbur Wright.

The Wright brothers had experimented for years, building their first glider in 1900. Then they built a twelve-horsepower engine, constructed their own propellers, and made wings with a thirty-foot spread from cotton cloth. When the plane finally was ready they flipped a coin, and Orville climbed into the craft. He lay on his stomach, grasped the controls, and took off into the wind at Kill Devil Hill, near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903. Although many thousands of words have been written about the *Kitty Hawk* since then, the newspapers of the day thought the idea of such a flight so fantastic that they refused to print a story about the history-making event!

In 1928, when the Smithsonian Institution accepted Professor Langley's invention as the first heavier-than-air craft to fly, the Wright brothers shipped their plane to England, where it was acclaimed as the first plane to fly, and installed with great honor in the Kensington Museum in London. Even after the Smithsonian reversed its stand, the plane remained in England, but when Orville Wright died last year his will requested that the *Kitty Hawk* be returned to the United States.

Accordingly, the plane was dismantled and put into the same crates in which it originally had been sent to England. On the *Mauretania* it was escorted by a Navy Guard of Honor, and at Halifax was transferred ceremoniously to the Navy aircraft carrier *Palau*, which carried it to Bayonne, New Jersey, where it was put on a Navy motor truck and made the remainder of its long and triumphant homeward journey by land.

On December 17, the forty-fifth anniversary of its first flight, the *Kitty Hawk* was unveiled at the Smithsonian by President Truman, in a ceremony witnessed by members of the Wright family and many important figures in aviation. The "box kite" now rests at home in the country's number-one place of honor, as befits aviation's most precious relic.

"I Do Solemnly Swear . . ."

The impressive oath which Harry S. Truman will take on January 20 is the same which thirty-one Presidents of the United States have taken before him. But though the oath of office has not changed, the inaugural ceremonies have varied greatly during the past one hundred and sixty years.

George Washington took the oath of office as our first President in New York City, but his second inaugural was in Philadelphia, where John Adams also became President. The latter dined with ex-President Wash-

ington after the ceremony, and the remains of the banquet were sent to prisoners in jail!

date of the inauguration. The last Chief Executive to be inaugurated on March 4 (in 1933) and the first to be inaugurated on January 20 (in 1937) was Franklin D. Roosevelt. His first inaugural was in a financial crisis; his second during serious labor troubles; his third on the brink of war; his fourth on the threshold of peace.

Regardless of the circumstances surrounding it. Inauguration Day is one on which all of us loyally cry, "Hail to the Chief!"

Happy New Year!

Can you imagine shouting that joyous greeting as the first spring leaves appear? The ancient Persians and Babylonians did just that, and the Egyptians of old celebrated their New Year when the Nile was at its greatest height.

But today, to a large part of the world January 1 is New Year's Day. The early Romans, whose god Janus was the patron of all beginnings, named the first month of their year in his honor, and offered gifts and sacrifices to him on the first day of the year.

Many of the New Year's traditions followed in this country have come to us from other times and lands, like that of singing and noise-making at midnight. Perhaps you've listened on the radio to one of the most famous of these celebrations—in Times Square, New York City, where thousands mill about, singing and shouting as the bells ring out at midnight. But probably none of the merrymakers realizes that he is following a custom which dates back to a day when people believed the evil spirits abroad at that hour could be frightened off by noise.

The tradition that the first one to cross the threshold after midnight brings good or bad luck, depending upon the person, goes far back into the past. Among the Finnish people it was thought that if the person were a blond or a widower, it meant no luck at all, while a dark man was a good omen, and a redhead meant great good luck. From the English came our custom of holding "open house" on New Year's Day, and the old Saxons "wassailing"—drinking to health and prosperity—was probably the origin of the toasts which today are drunk at midnight.

But the best-known tradition—that of making New Year's resolutions—goes back to the old Roman custom of setting a fresh standard for the coming year. Statisticians say that one out of every four Americans makes a New Year's resolution, usually to better himself in his work, to save money, and to improve his character.

How about you? Time's getting short!

Know Your Bowls?

On New Year's Day colorful post-season football games will be played in appropriately named "bowls" across the country. Do you know where these are?

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Rose Bowl | 4. Sun Bowl |
| 2. Orange Bowl | 5. Cotton Bowl |
| 3. Sugar Bowl | 6. Vulcan Bowl |

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Pasadena, Calif. | 6. Birmingham, Ala. |
| 2. Miami, Florida | 5. Dallas, Texas |
| 3. New Orleans, La. | 4. El Paso, Texas |

War clouds were hanging over the nation when Abraham Lincoln was elected. Because of rumors of a plot to assassinate him, he was taken off his train at Philadelphia, the telegraph wires out of the city were cut, and he went secretly to Washington on another train. Yet amid all the violence, his inaugural address carried a plea for peace.

The Twentieth Amendment changed the

How about you? Time's getting short!

January, 1949

*"Look! I can walk
again"*



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1. Dissolve capsule in 2 to 3 oz. hot water



2. Comb solution through hair



3. Set hair . . . let dry



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